Liberty

MARCH 13, 1943
10¢

Book: EAST OF FAREWELL
Reading Time: One Evening

LIBERTY

On the Destroyer Fron in the North Atlantic

LIBERTY

IT WAS THIS WA
Another "Letter to the President' by Samuel Taylo

LIBERTY

Pro and Con: TEACH SEX HYGIENE IN OUR SCHOOLS

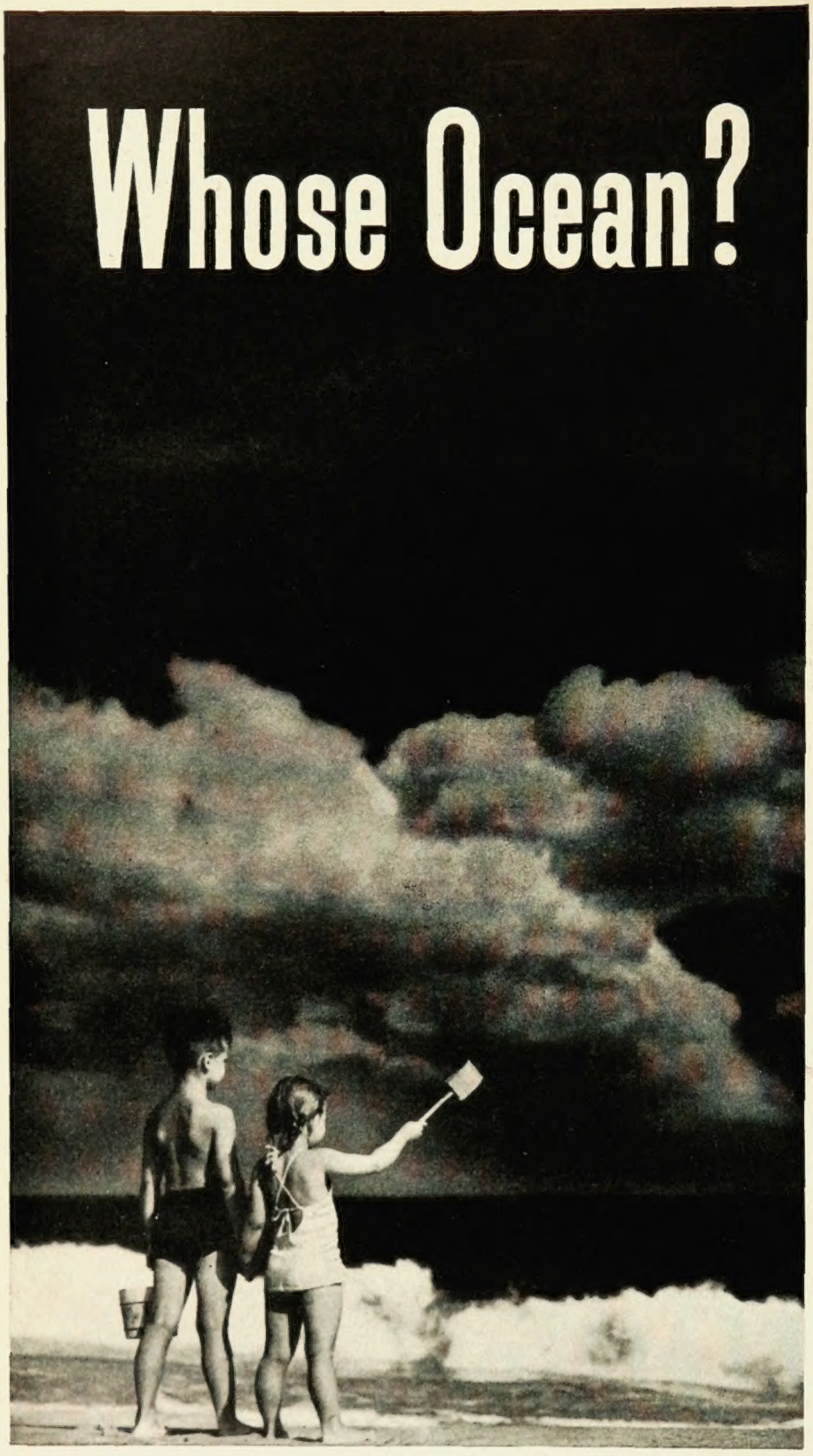
LIBERTY

JUNGLE OBJECTIVE—

LIBERTY

A Marine Line Fighter in the Solomons

Whose Ocean?



On all the coasts of the Seven Continents today there's scarcely a square foot of sand where free children can play in peace.

On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers —*our* soldiers—American women and children—*our own people*, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. *Fight*—or help those who *are* fighting. *Man* a gun or *pay* for that gun. *Drop a* bomb or *pay* for the bomb. With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

Join the Pay Roll Savings Plan, whoever you are, wherever you work. Let your employer set aside 10% of your pay every payday. Each time your savings amount to $18.75, you get a bond worth $25.00 in ten years. That's the way we *Americans* will do it. We won't sit back indifferent.

We won't "wait and see" until there's nothing left to see.

"Do it now" is a good American slogan. So let's *do* it!

It's later than you think!

EVERYBODY EVERY PAYDAY AT LEAST 10%

DO YOU KNOW?

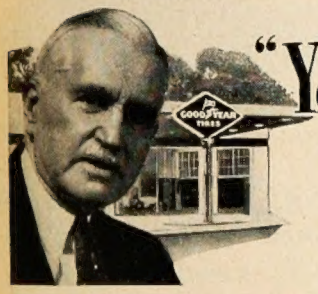
- When you buy WAR BONDS, you're saving, not giving! Series E WAR BONDS are worth 33⅓ percent more in 10 years! You get back $4 for every $3 you invest!
- These BONDS, when held to maturity (10 years), yield 2.9 percent per year on your investment, compounded semiannually!
- Joining a Pay Roll Savings Plan makes savings easy!
- Joining your bank's *Victory Club* (it works like any Thrift or Christmas Club) is a convenient way to save for War Bonds for those who aren't members of a Pay Roll Savings Plan.
- You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in War Bonds every pay day NOW!
- You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents.

EVERYBODY EVERY PAY DAY 10% in War Bonds

This space is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by LIBERTY MAGAZINE

LOOK AT THESE TREADS—AFTER 38,756 MILES

This shows how Mr. Slater's Goodyears look after 38,756 miles. Mr. Slater tells us: "It has been my practice to keep tires properly inflated, shifted at intervals, to remove all glass and small stones and to keep wheels aligned." Give your Goodyears the same care.



"You get the LOW-DOWN ON TIRES IN WARTIME"

IN all my years as a Goodyear dealer I've never seen folks as "sold" on the plus value in Goodyear tires as they are today.

A typical case is Mr. I. M. Slater of 21 N. Symington Ave., Catonsville, Md. In April 1939 he bought a Plymouth Sedan equipped with Goodyear All-Weather tires.

Now his tires have hit the 38,756-mile mark, but the treads show little sign of wear, as the photograph shows. Mr. Slater says: "I feel that this is excellent service – it reveals how good Goodyears are!"

Countless other motorists are having the same experience. Every day Goodyear gets letters filled with good proof that greater value *is* built into Goodyears.

Count on Goodyear in the future

Today this same "know how" is going into tires Goodyear is building for the Army from synthetic rubber.

It will be some time before tires made of Chemigum – Goodyear's synthetic rubber – will be generally available to the public. But hard experience is already proving that they'll be up to Goodyear standards in traction, mileage and safety.

If you're riding on Goodyears now, you can get all the extra mileage in them, by following wartime driving rules.*

Keep a mileage check on your Goodyears and you'll see why so many car owners are saying, *"As soon as I can buy new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"*

. . .

***WARTIME DRIVING RULES FOR MAXIMUM MILEAGE**

(1) Drive under 35 miles per hour **(2)** Drive only when necessary **(3)** Keep tires inflated to 32 pounds **(4)** Avoid sudden stops and starts **(5)** Avoid bruising your tires **(6)** Share your car with your neighbor **(7)** Have your tires inspected regularly.

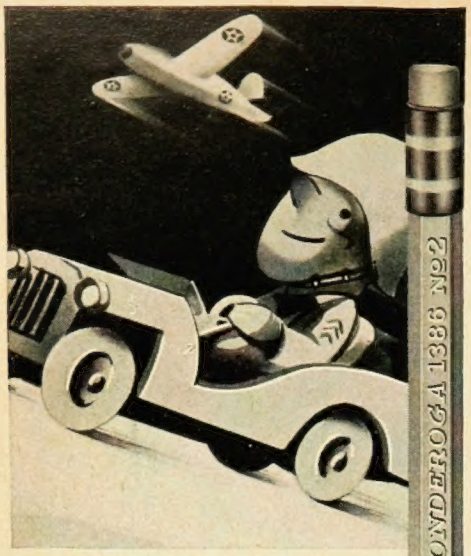
These regular maintenance services cost little under the Goodyear Tire-Life Extension Plan. Ask your dealer.

All-Weather, Chemigum—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

• *When treads wear off, see your dealer about* **Goodyear Extra-Mileage Capping**



Nice Going!

When you turn out a good day's writing and purr at how bright you are, remember it was the Ticonderoga pencil you used that sped you along. There are fewer trips to the sharpener with a Ticonderoga on the job, more writing ease, more writing done, and you use 50% less writing energy when you use a Ticonderoga pencil. Standardize on Ticonderoga pencils today to speed your work tomorrow and that of your staff.

A fine American Pencil with a fine American name . . .

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J3, Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

ENDERS shaving saves all 3

1 ***TIME*** Enders streamlined design makes your shave amazingly easy, quick.

2 ***FACE*** Enders feather-light pressureless action is more friendly to your skin.

3 ***STEEL*** Enders *twice-thicker* blades can be stropped many times—to keep 'em shaving—and smoothly.

Enders users—Save steel. Send $1 for Enders Stropper.

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. B, MYSTIC, CONN.

In This Week's Liberty

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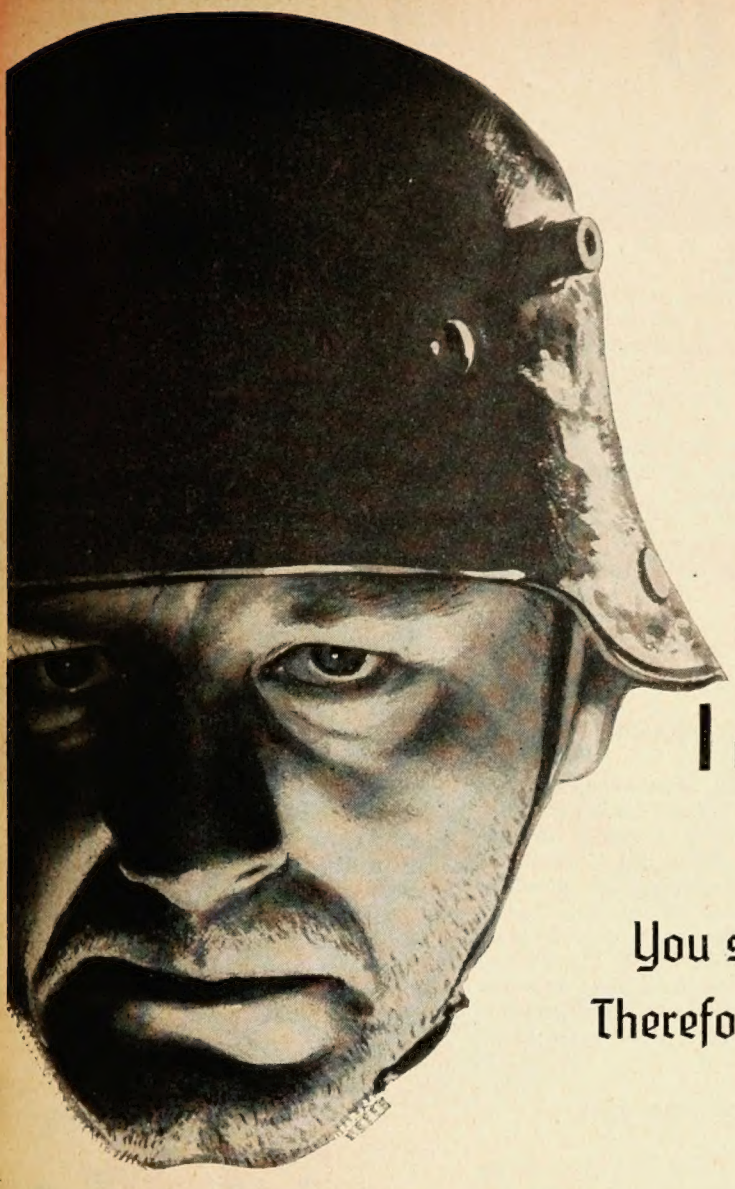


I am going to kill you—

I am a Nazi.
You stand in my way.
Therefore, you must die!

"You believe you are going to win this war. Ha! You have no idea what it will take to win.

"Because you did not have to suffer much, give much, or sacrifice much to win last time . . . you think you can get by as easily again.

"Ja . . . it is good that you think so . . . good for *us!*

"Every man and woman in Germany is *told* how many hours to work, while you decide it yourselves.

"You tell yourself that the German people will crack as they did before. You are an idiot! The German people will not crack because they know what it means to lose a war.

"This time, *you* will roam the streets fighting for scraps of garbage to eat. It's *your* turn to see life savings turn into bushels of worthless paper money.

"*Your* families will be broken up. *Your* young girls will sell themselves for bread. Such treatment befits your mongrel race.

"Don't be stupid. We *shall* not—we *dare* not lose this war!

"We shall kill and kill and kill until nobody is left . . . nobody to bar our passage. *Then* you will see!"

RIGHT NOW, unless you are a member of our armed forces or unless you are working at a war job to the limit of your ability . . . you have a personal enemy who is doing much, much more to win the war for his side than you are doing for ours. Multiply that enemy by the million . . . multiply yourself by the million, then ask yourself who will win unless things change. The way to make them change is to pick yourself a Nazi or Jap . . . and work harder, sacrifice more, and fight harder than he does. There's a part-time task for you in your local Citizens Service Corps of the Defense Council. Find out about it today. Should no such activity be available, help to start one. Write this magazine for free booklets giving full instructions. Do it now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

ADOPT MIDDLE COURSE

PORTLAND, ORE.—The trouble with both the Pro and Con of Should Vengeance Write the Peace? (January 23 Liberty) is that neither side settles anything. The story of the Russian major fires us with feelings of rage, hatred, and vengeance against the Nazi butchers; the letters of the German soldiers inspire and becalm us into feelings of compassion for the German people—but those are the two poles of the situation. We must adopt a middle course.

We must take into consideration, in writing the peace, what Germany and Japan, with the questionable assistance of the organ-grinder of Italy, have compelled the world to do, what tremendous sacrifices they have thrust upon us, and how far back they have shunted the wheels of the world's progress.

To say that the German people did not wholeheartedly and confidently follow Hitler is to beg the real question. The glaring and self-evident fact is that

they *did* follow him, and are still doing so. The industrialists of Germany threw in with Hitler because they had a mercenary reason for doing so, but that cannot be urged in mitigation of the people acclaiming him. They all guessed wrong, and now they must back up and get on the right track, learn the lesson of patience and humility, how to get along peaceably with their neighbors, and at least help to pay for their folly.

Now, all the money and wealth that Germany, Italy, and Japan will be able to produce from now until the crack of doom can never compensate for the loss of those who make the supreme sacrifice; it can never rehabilitate those hulks of men who will come back maimed as a result of this terrible conflict; but it will help to rebuild the physical things these savages have destroyed. Let there be on our side of the peace table no gelatin-spined sentimentalists or social-reforming sob sisters.—*E. E. Hanyen.*

KILLDEER MEMORIES

BRITTON, S. D.—It was with a great deal of pleasure that my husband and I read the article Boom on the Range (November 14 Liberty). We were especially interested in the picture of the main street of Killdeer. We were married twenty-five years ago in the building at the top of the hill on the left-hand side of the street, and it was from there he left for the war in 1918.

It might be of interest to you to know that he is now serving overseas, and that it was from there that he saw this article and called my attention to it.—*Mrs. Ralph S. Clark.*

FRANCHETTE'S FRAUD

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Joseph Harrington's story You Look Familiar (January 23 Liberty) is really very interesting—but how did Franchette Signy get by producers and directors in Hollywood with an assumed name? When I was there and played extra with Joe E. Brown in Sit Tight I had to give many credentials, place and year of birth, past experience, history of ancestors, etc., to get on the extra list.—*N. M. W.*

BUILD PLANES FOR FUN

CHULA VISTA, CALIF.—When it comes to companionship and fun, model airplane building and flying cannot be topped. It has taught men what real sportsmanship is, and has given the idle something to occupy their minds. It has placed many men in the air forces and

has been a boon to workers in aircraft factories.

There are not many women in this outdoor sport—here in San Diego I am the only woman flying models among some fifty men. But to keep really young and healthy and have a world of fun, I say—ladies, become model builders!—*Leta McAllister.*

NEAR MISS

DANBURY, CONN.—No doubt your Robert Ormond Case was nodding a bit when he penned that Panama Canal item (February 6 Liberty). Theodore Roosevelt was *not* President in 1912. William Taft was nearing the end of his term, and Woodrow Wilson had been elected to succeed him in November of that same year. "Direct Hits"—*m-m-m-m-m.*—*F. Tully.*

PREWAR STUFF

AMITE, LA.—All I want to know is where the old fellow shaking in his nightshirt got the antifreeze (January 23 cartoon) he's pouring in his radiator.—*T. Kemp.*

UNENTRANCED BY PANTS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We disagree with Miss Hawes (February 13 Liberty) or the fashion magazines or whoever it is who says that women are not feminine in trousers. For our money, women in pants are just too feminine for anything, especially from the rear.

If "the vast majority of women will wear trousers practically all the time," we feel reasonably certain the men will step right up and kid the pants off them. This is one of the reasons we feel life is going to be interesting.

As to the lure of the "man in a tennis dress," on this we could not possibly have any firsthand information, never having been lured by one. But it has possibilities!—*J. F.*

UNIONS IN THE WAR

NORFOLK, VA.—If this be total war I would like to know why our government continues to fool around with strikers and their leaders who are nothing but a treacherous bunch of rebels. If one of my buddies on Guadalcanal refused to fight unless he received an increase in pay, you know what would happen to him. Fight fire with fire and put all those who hold up production in a concentration camp.—*Sergeant R. J. C., Jr., United States Marines.*

WALLA WALLA, WASH.—What are unions doing to help win this war? To me, the unions have as much appeal as a tankful of bloodsuckers. All they want is money, money, and where it goes I cannot see. If all the union money was spent for war bonds, perhaps we'd get somewhere.—*Mrs. Alvin Bortles.*

What goes here? Ever since "Union Label" (January 23 Vox Pop) wrote in defense of organized labor, the letters have been pouring in to tell us that unions are no good, never were any good, and probably never will be.

But there are two sides to every story. What do you say, union men? Maybe it's time to get *your* side in print.—VOX POP EDITOR.

"But Omar, my blanket!"

OMAR: من میگیرم

CAMEL: Please, Father of the Moon. I *know* that it gets cold in the desert at night. And I *know* that my blanket would make a fine pup tent. But . . .

OMAR: من میگیرم

CAMEL: But, Brother Omar, it's my *business* blanket. I wear it to work. I *need* it.

OMAR: شما لازم دارید

CAMEL: Ah, Protector of the Poor, have you not heard? In this country I am the Paul Jones Camel. The living symbol of the dryness in *dry* Paul Jones Whiskey.

OMAR: انیطور انیطور

CAMEL: What's that got to do with the blanket? Listen, Son of the Prophet, I must wear the blanket when I go around explaining how the *dryness*, or lack of sweetness, in the wondrous Paul Jones brings out *all* of its flavor. How it permits you to enjoy the full *true* flavor and richness of a superb whiskey!

OMAR: ویسکی خوب

CAMEL: Good? Cousin, there's no whiskey like it in America! And it is so modestly priced that even your Uncle Ibrahim could afford it! Truly—*Omar, where are you going?* Hey! Oma—

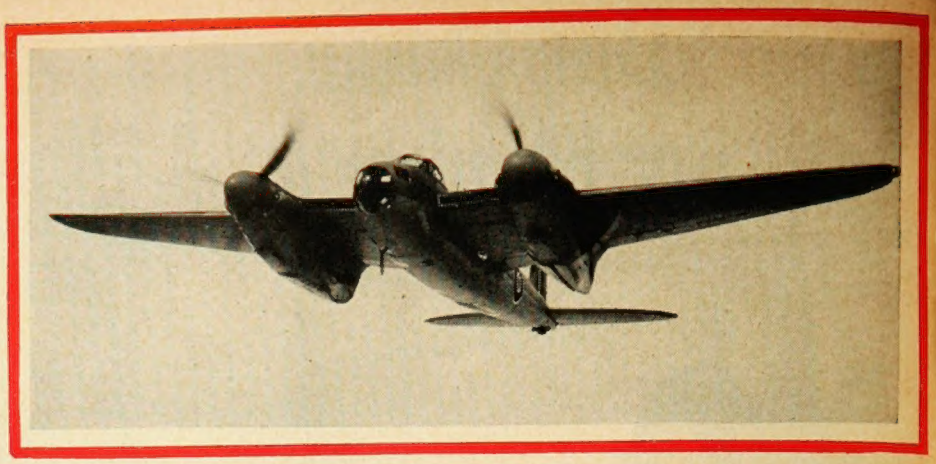
OMAR: من میخرم من میخرم

CAMEL: But there's no liquor store up that way, Brother Omar! It's two blocks down th— Hey, Omar! My *blanket!* Hey, *wait!*

The very best buy is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



The fastest bomber in the world, Britain's Mosquito is descended from famous '14-'18 De Havilland DH-4.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The K. O. Punch

Those who have seen blown-up aerial photographs of bombed German cities wonder why more effort is not expended by this country on air power and less on large land armies. Despite the vast and continuous press display on the accomplishments of airplanes, there still is no set "all-out" policy giving air power free rein to blast the Axis sources of supply.

Consider one huge plant turning out heavy war material for Germany. One flight of from 50 to 100 bombers can blast that plant out of business. The losses might amount to four or five bombers and thirty or forty men. Taking that plant by land operations would mean enormous losses on our side, yet as long as that plant is in operation it is feeding material to the Axis.

Airmen are still fighting an uphill battle to convince the high strategists that in this war we can knock out the *sources* of supply behind the lines. Then the job of moving in by land will be far less costly in time, munitions, and men. Aerial photographs of German cities hit to date by the British show terrifying and effective results—so much so that one wonders why we still stick to ground warfare around the fringes instead of knockout blows at the center of the Axis target.

Flexible Production

One expert estimates that there are not more than ten identical planes in military service. Out of all the Flying Fortresses built to date, for example, it would be difficult to find a half dozen that are *exactly alike.* Most of the changes are small, but they include everything from gadgets to actual changes in the plane structure.

This is true even in peacetime, but in war the number of changes multiply as reports come in from the fronts. The airmen in China want this or that done to a Billy Mitchell bomber, while in North Africa, under entirely different climatic and terrain conditions, other changes are demanded. These alteration orders mount into the hundreds every month.

That is why huge engineering forces are necessary long after the first plane has rolled off the assembly line. That is why there is no such thing as "freezing" a design, and why a plant like Ford's at Willow Run, built along ideas of automobile mass production, is not easily adaptable to airplane production.

Many changes or alterations are made within the aircraft plant itself while the planes are moving down the assembly lines. But the Army Air Forces has established modification centers to take care of changes ordered for a specific front. In many cases planes are rolled off assembly lines, flown to a modification center, and altered to meet immediate needs. Basic structural designs don't change so rapidly, but there's no such thing as a "perfect" airplane.

The Weaker Sex

Based on a similar organization in England, the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron (WAFS) was organized as a civilian unit under Civil Service last September to ferry military airplanes for the Air Transport Command. The enrollment numbers twenty-five and comprises some of America's best known women flyers.

The commander is Mrs. Nancy Harkness Love of Boston. She has more than 1,200 hours of flying time, and possesses a 600-horsepower instrument rating as well as a seaplane rating.

The minimum requirements for WAFS are: Between twenty-one and thirty-five years of age, high-school education, commercial license with 200-horsepower rating, not less than 500 hours logged and certified flying time, American citizenship, and cross-country flying experience. After an indoctrination period, WAFS are permitted to wear uniforms. The Civil Service pay is $3,000 yearly, something more than that of their uniformed sisters in other services.

Right now the WAFS are undergoing cross-country flying training, and are being used to fly smaller types of aircraft, such as trainers and liaison planes. It won't be long before they're handling the bigger types, ferrying them from factory to base, and from base to base.

Required Reading

If you want the answers as to why it's impossible to say that fighter plane A is "better" than fighter plane B, the assistant director of research of one of the largest aircraft companies, John G. Lee, has written in layman's language, with perfect illustrations, the best exposition yet to be published on fighting aircraft. It's called Fighter Facts and Fallacies (William Morrow & Co.; $1.25).

If you're still having trouble with definitions of the countless technical aeronautical terms, Assen Jordanoff has compiled the best dictionary to date. Each term is defined in simple language and *illustrated.* It's for any aviation enthusiast and is called Jordanoff's Illustrated Aviation Dictionary (Harper & Bros.; $3.50).

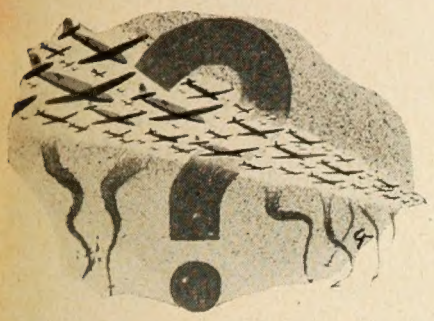
Odds and Ends

A single British Stirling bomber called "H for Harry" has dropped 225 tons of bombs on enemy targets in sixty-two raids. . . . It took 150 German bombers raiding four English cities on two nights to drop the same quantity of bombs. . . . The British are now using four-ton bombs. . . . A human being is killed by concussion 100 yards away from an exploding two-ton bomb.

NEXT WEEK

WHAT'S LEFT OF HITLER'S AIR FORCE?

Until he struck at Russia it was the mightiest in the world. Then in five months it lost 20,000 planes. For a while large replacements were made. But now Nazi soldiers can't be fur-



loughed to work in the factories, and "chain-gang" labor isn't helping much, and recent plane losses in Russia and Africa and under United Nations bombings have been heavy indeed. So that "invincible Luftwaffe" of Hitler's has shrunk and will go on shrinking, while United Nations air strength is mounting fast. Leonard Engel has the definite figures—conservative yet heartening figures—for you.

THE THIEF OF BAD GAGS

He used to have a reputation as a gag stealer. Fred Allen once sent him a bundle of pictures and a note that said, "You're using my act. You might as well put my photographs in the lobby, too." But the gag-burglar legend didn't interfere with his success. Now, at thirty-four, he has snagged the starring role in Broadway's new Ziegfeld Follies. You guessed it in one. His name is Milton Berle, that boisterous funny-man who talks, eats, and lives gags. How he got that way and how he keeps it up is told by Earl Wilson in Everything for a Laugh.

WHISPERING DOESN'T HELP

The word "cancer" used to be whispered behind a lifted hand. The word "syphilis" still is. Yet it, too, is a disease, and the way to get rid of it is to acknowledge it and treat it. That's what national, state, county, and city public health services are trying to do. In U. S. vs. Syphilis, Morris Markey tells of amazing new treatments. And he explains, too, how all of us can help to stamp out this dread social menace.

For Twenty-four Cents

Per Thousand

you can advertise to Fifth Avenue bus passengers.

Today Fifth Avenue bus passengers are probably the largest group of purchasers reached by any one advertising medium in New York City. A great many cars are in storage for the duration. Fifth Avenue buses are now, more than ever before, the most comfortable and convenient means of transportation to the shopping and mid-town business districts and are used by former owners of private cars and taxicab riders.

51,000,000 Passengers

were carried by the Fifth Avenue buses in the past twelve months. Each month we are carrying hundreds of thousands more passengers than in the corresponding period last year. In the past six months

4,484,952 more passengers

were carried than in the corresponding months of 1941.

The Rate of $2.00 Per Bus

per month for a card in the Fifth Avenue buses still maintains. However, we can now sell you 500 cards, instead of our old standard of 400. Do you want to sell to the people who shop at the following stores to which we deliver many thousands of passengers:

378,000	passengers	per	year	to	Lord & Taylor's
423,000	"	"	"	"	Altman's
233,400	"	"	"	"	McCreery's 5th Ave. Entrance
174,500	"	"	"	"	Best & Co.
134,700	"	"	"	"	Franklin Simon & Co.
284,294	"	"	"	"	John Wanamaker

If you do, what better way is there to sell to these passengers than by a card in full color in the Fifth Avenue buses. Now is the time to arrange for special advertising positions for 1943. Complete rate card and additional information in printed form on request.

John H. Livingston, Jr.

Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses

17 EAST 42nd STREET, N.Y.
Telephone Murray Hill 2-4517

LIE AND CONSEQUENCES

A provocative story of murder in a small New England town—and a foolish woman who trapped herself by idle gossip

BY FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

IT was the most excitement we've ever had in our town—at least since the summer of 1915, when Fred Bell, our head selectman and cashier at the Farmers' Trust stole $68,500 of the bank's money and ran off to South America with the wife of one of the bartenders in the saloon that used to be on the corner where the Commercial House is now. They never caught him, either.

But seven years is a long time, and things in Westlea have changed, as they have everywhere. When I was a girl growing up here—and mother cut off my pigtails the week before the Maine blew up in Havana—nothing much ever happened in our town. If somebody's barn burned down in the autumn, that was enough to talk about until the winter, when somebody's horse always slipped on the ice and broke a leg and had to be shot, or somebody didn't show up at meeting for two Sundays in a row, or somebody came up from Boston to visit, or somebody went down to Boston to visit. Once, when I was very young, a farmer back of South Mountain hanged himself one winter, and they talked about that for almost five years—until our parson went berserk one Sunday in the middle of prayers and fell off the rostrum. He was drunk, they found out later.

So there were a lot of things to talk about in our town, and they seemed big to us then. But after the war, when the hard roads came in, and they built the Commercial House to accommodate all the drummers from Boston and Hartford and New York, and every one got telephones and electric lights and radios and automobiles, the things that happened in our town didn't seem important any more, except to a few of us who'd been born in four-poster beds when the hill where the $100,000 County Hospital stands was virgin spruce instead of a real-estate development. Today the Evening Register has two columns, one about Washington and the other about New York night clubs and a lot of outlandish people in them. Our town talks more about those things than about what happens in Westlea. Of course there are a lot of newcomers. The Tap and Die has taken on 2,000 since the war started, and they tell me about 600 men are working on the airfield out along the state highway at Four Corners.

Still, I don't suppose any one in our town will ever forget the day Dr. Bissell's wife was murdered, or what happened afterwards. It was the only time I can remember that Westlea got into the New York papers—and stayed there quite a time too. Our Chamber of Commerce has a slogan, "Put Westlea on the Map," something like that; but no matter how hard they try they never get the publicity the way it was after the murder.

IT wasn't just the murder, either. It was the murder and Maddie Frink, and what she did. Maddie is two years older than I am. She was born on the farm next to ours, and we grew up together. I suppose I'm her best friend. At any rate, I'm the only one of her friends who has taken the trouble to visit her every week in state's prison. A few of them went down with me the first few months, but it's a long trip, and after a while they stopped going. I saw Maddie only four days ago, as a matter of fact—took her a box of brownies. I've been there so often that the guards don't bother to open my packages any more. Maybe the next time I go there it will be to wait for her outside the gates and take her home. For whatever she did, whether she was mad or sane, whether she saw or dreamed or imagined, I don't think it can make much difference now—not after what has just happened. Yes, when I go next time, I will bring her home.

Seven years is such a long time to young people, and such a little snatch of life to—oh, old women, like me and Maddie. So many things have changed, and so much is different, but I can remember as if it was yesterday that afternoon in April, 1935, when I gave a tea for the Parent-Teachers Association. I'm on the Teachers' side of the P. T. A., and I can assure you there wasn't much talk about school at that tea party. I tried to bring the conversation around to it, but you can't compete with murder.

This was five days after the crime, and the police had finally made an arrest, after questioning every tramp and most of the suspicious characters within fifty miles of Westlea. There was no doubt that robbery was the motive. The Bissells lived out near Four Corners, and had a nice big colonial house, with a wing where Dr. Bissell had his office and a laboratory with wonderful equipment, including the best X-ray apparatus in this part of the state. The house is in a lonely part of town, and Maddie Frink was the Bissells' nearest neighbor. She lived half a mile away, on the state highway.

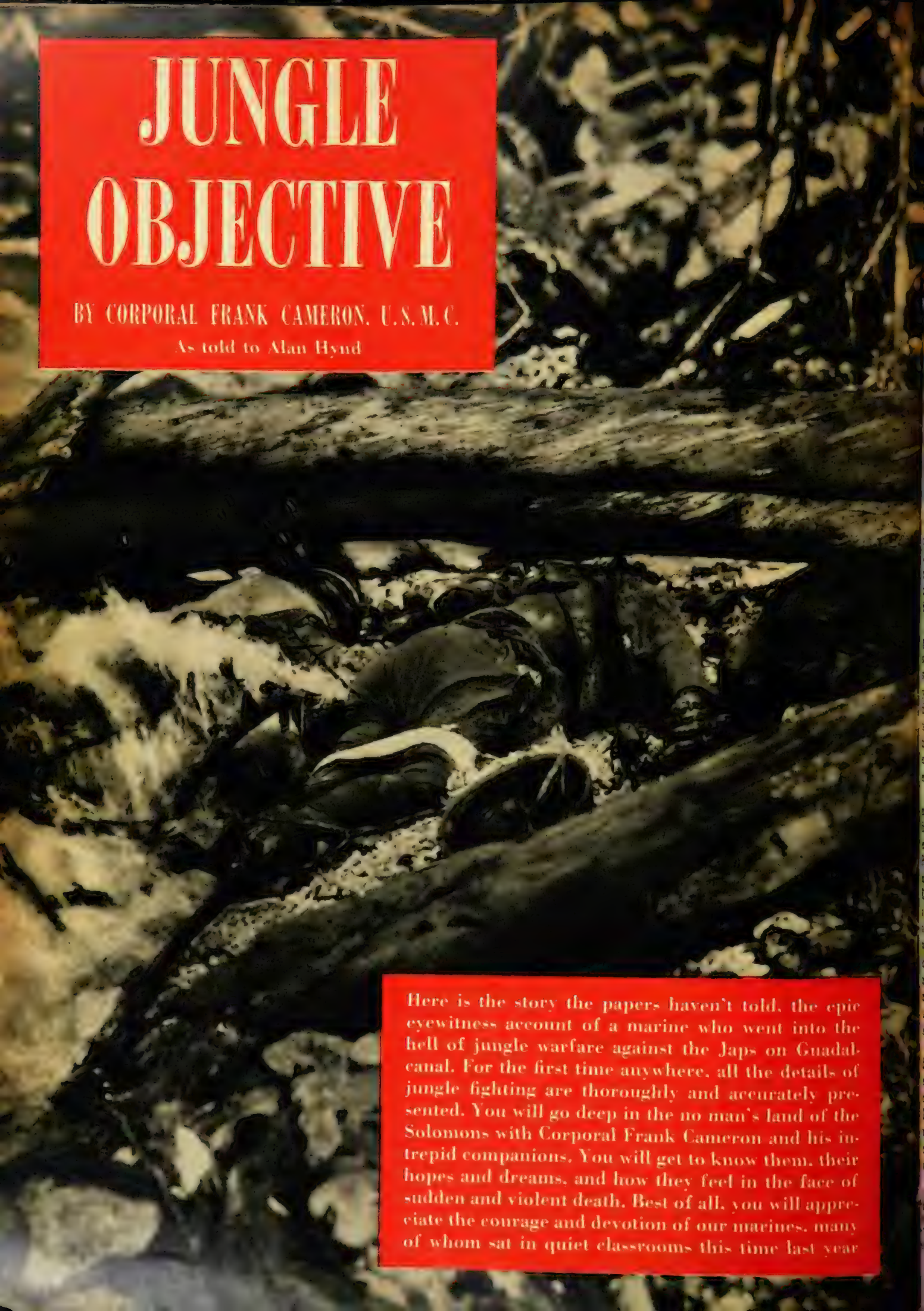
On the day of the murder Dr. Bissell was away in Boston at a medical convention, where he read a paper on rural malnutrition. That was April 18. According to Mr. Fiske, our coroner, Mrs. Bissell was murdered between 6 and 11 that night.

He couldn't come any closer than that to the time, but said he would guess that around seven or seven thirty was the likeliest. Mrs. Bissell was alone in the house, because it was the hired girl's day out, and Miss Parker, the nurse, had gone to Worcester on the two-seventeen train to see her folks. With the doctor in Boston, there wasn't anything for her to do, so he had given her the afternoon off.

Mrs. Bissell's body was found at 8 o'clock next morning by the hired girl. She (Mrs. Bissell, I mean) was lying on the floor in the dining room. She had been shot through the forehead twice, and also was bruised around her face, neck, and shoulders. The sideboard had been broken into,

(*Continued on page 55*)

He grinned at me. But it was friendly. He grinned because wanted his own way, and had



JUNGLE OBJECTIVE

BY CORPORAL FRANK CAMERON, U.S.M.C.

As told to Alan Hynd

Here is the story the papers haven't told, the epic eyewitness account of a marine who went into the hell of jungle warfare against the Japs on Guadalcanal. For the first time anywhere, all the details of jungle fighting are thoroughly and accurately presented. You will go deep in the no man's land of the Solomons with Corporal Frank Cameron and his intrepid companions. You will get to know them, their hopes and dreams, and how they feel in the face of sudden and violent death. Best of all, you will appreciate the courage and devotion of our marines, many of whom sat in quiet classrooms this time last year

As the quick dusk was blotting out Guadalcanal, Lieutenant Colonel "Chesty" Puller, commanding officer of our battalion, lined us up at our bivouac and spilled the news. Five hundred of us were to leave the next morning two hours before dawn. We would equip ourselves to be absent three days, go without mess kits, and carry rations which did not increase our thirst. Most significant, we were ordered to split our uniforms: wear brown shirts and jungle-green pants. The brown shirts would prevent us from shooting our own men; for the Japs too wore uniforms which blended with the foliage. All of which meant we were now going to get our first taste of jungle warfare.

In the damp blackness before dawn we started out in single file, a few paces apart—so if some of the boys ran into an ambush the others could help them. By half past five, when the melting equatorial sun was just coming up, all the expedition except my squad had vanished into a strip of dense jungle a few miles south of Henderson Field. My boys and I had to wait two and one half hours at the edge of the jungle until the main body had cut a trail through the dense no man's land.

The deep gloom of the jungle felt good after that session out in the sun. The sun down in the Solomons sucks every drop of moisture from your body. You experience a thirst that is close to maddening. Our canteens were already half empty, and the colonel had told us we could not expect to strike water until late afternoon.

I would be a liar if I said I wasn't scared. The path that had been cut for us was just wide enough and high enough for the passage of one body. Parakeets and cockatoos were screeching in trees we could not see. Every once in a while I would hear a whistling that sounded exactly like a man's. Then from the distance would come an answering whistle. I knew there was a jungle bird that used such a whistling sound as a means of communication; but I knew also that Japs, tied in treetops, had learned to duplicate the sound.

The boys who cut the trail had done a fine job. They had removed everything that would make a loud crunching sound if walked upon. True, Jap observers in the trees might hear the hacking of the machetes and bush knives; but if there were no places along the new trail where dried fallen branches crackled each time a man stepped on them, the Japs would have no way of counting the number of our force.

We knew in a general way what was up. Reconnaissance planes had spotted large Jap troop concentrations along the Matanikau River, which ran through the jungles and emptied into the Coral Sea about five miles west of Henderson Field. The strategy was simply to go out and get the Nips before they cut their way through the jungles and swarmed over our vital airfield.

About half past nine, after we had been walking for an hour and a half, Colonel Puller ordered us to rest for fifteen minutes. McGuire, a lanky soft-spoken sharpshooter, wanted to eat. I told him it was against orders. When we started again, we soon found ourselves out in the open, at the beginning of a long stretch of undulating pasture land that separated two strips of jungle. When we entered the second strip, word was passed back that we were now definitely in enemy territory. That explained the awful stench. When we hit a native path, we passed several decomposed Jap bodies. The Nips had probably been killed by artillery fire from Henderson Field. Moe Holder, an eighteen-year-old private from Greenville, South Carolina, lost his breakfast.

OUR water was now gone, even the extra supply that a lot of us had brought in bamboo sticks. Some of the boys weren't making out so well. At about one o'clock we came to three fellows from the main body who had hit the deck from exhaustion. A couple of medical orderlies remained behind to help them. But those three marines just didn't seem to have the strength to get up.

McGuire looked them over and said to one of them, "There won't be no more of us passin' by here now. You guys either gotta come along with us or the Japs'll get you."

McGuire's psychology worked. All three men looked up at him with a mingling of terror and hatred in their eyes. "Those ———s'll never get me!" one of the fellows said. "Help me up, will you?" We helped them to their feet and took their packs for them. It was no fun, three of us carrying extra packs, but it was the least we could do.

There hadn't been much talking on the trip so far. Now there was none at all. We weren't able to form words properly, our mouths were so dry. McGuire opened his canteen and held it upside down so that I could see how empty it was. He shrugged, and then he smiled. When he smiled he cracked his lower lip and blood began to spurt from it. He sucked the blood with some relish; after all, it was a liquid.

Young Holder, who was up ahead of me, pointed to something at the edge of the trail. It was a case of American beer. Maybe the stuff was all right; maybe the Japs had left it when they high-tailed it out of that sector of the jungle. But there was a good chance that the beer was poisoned with a special potion that didn't kill instantly (so as not to tip off other prospective victims) but began to work hours later, bringing death only after great torture. We passed up the beer.

By now the three fellows who had dropped from exhaustion had taken a new lease on life. Not only had

(*Continued on page 72*)

posite page: "Judging from the way several Jap dies lay, all the Japs were on the far side of river." Right: Marines on Guadalcanal, wear- green helmets and carrying their mess kits.

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOS

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHILE girls with half her experience were in the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron, taking planes where they were needed, Eleanor Chase, who had broken more records, made bigger headlines than any other woman flyer, was sitting at home eating her heart out because of something that had happened a year before.

Her father, Walter C. Chase, builder of Chase planes, urged her to forget it and fly again. But Lennie couldn't forget the ugly stories of her last flight, when her navigator, Eddie Bonham, had died. She couldn't forget that Bill Keith, who had interested her more than any other man she had ever known, Doris Taggart, a rival woman flyer, and hosts of others believed she had sacrificed Eddie's life to her desire for publicity.

Bill, who was now a major in the Air Forces and a member of the committee which passed on candidates for the WAFS, had been with her when the thing happened that gave impetus later to the awful tales. A columnist in a night club had asked her:

"Think you could still compete with the wars for space, Lennie?"

"Any time you want to place a bet on my making page one, drop around and see me," she had answered lightly.

When he inquired how she could do it, she had replied, still lightly, "Get lost, for example."

Ten days later, flying to the coast with Eddie, she *had* been lost. She had made a forced landing and Eddie had been killed.

Then came the accusation that she had staged the flight for publicity!

Lennie thought she would never fly again. But she did, on the day that Andy Rogers, a lieutenant at Langley Field, landed at Chase Manor too drunk to pilot his plane farther. He had been ordered, he told her, to search for a rubber boat that had been reported offshore.

"We're going out to hunt the boat," Lennie said. "You'll rest while I fly. In a couple of hours you'll be able to take over."

Andy was able to take over—just after Lennie sighted two enemy submarines far below. One seemed to be refueling the other. The subs' guns spurted fire, and Andy was shocked into sobriety.

He snapped his report through the phone:

"B2 calling K7! Two rabbits! Area ZO-4!"

He listened a moment, then turned a pale face to Lennie and said:

"I've got orders to attack."

LADY WITH WINGS

Lennie embarks on an illicit adventure and finds herself involved in a situation that may have disastrous consequences. Must she pay the price for her recklessness later?

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

AS if she had expected exactly that—an order to dive at the U-boats—Lennie said, "Go ahead!"

Andy Rogers didn't change his course. He looked at her in agony. "It means going down to *machine-gun* 'em."

"I know!"

"We may not—come up again."

"You'd do it if you were alone, wouldn't you?"

"That's different. I'm not alone.'

"You've got to forget I'm here!"

"Lennie—"

"Go on! Don't spoil everything we've done!"

She didn't know where she found the courage to talk that way—harshly, without hesitation, as if death were a thing of no consequence. It was irrational. Or else war had a rationality all its own, and you came to understand it only in moments like this—moments when it wasn't important whether you lived or died, as long as you struck your blow.

She pushed Andy's shoulder. "Go on!" she cried. White pompons of foam were beginning to churn up at the subs' bows, and the foam swept back in lengthening arrowheads. "If you wait, it'll be too late!"

He studied her face, then looked down at the sea and forced out a tight "O. K., kid."

He said it in a way that held as much finality as a farewell clasp of the hand. Yet in his undertones there were admiration and a spark of gratitude. After that he gave his attention wholly to the controls.

Starting at 3,000 feet, the Westcott pointed its nose at one of the U-boats and dived with all the speed of its 1,250-horsepower motor. Its roar became a whine, a screech. Lieutenant Rogers turned the gun button from safety to firing position. With a finger on it, he waited.

And in that interval of waiting Lennie had the maddest of thoughts. She saw headlines: Eleanor Chase in Combat. Eleanor Chase Attacks Nazi Subs. The most astonishing headlines of her life. And she saw Bill Keith's face, more bitter and sardonic than ever, as if he suspected her of doing this for the publicity it would bring. . . . The flash vanished as suddenly as it had come. It was

followed by a suspension of breathing, of thinking, of living. While she hung onto the back of the pilot's seat, the plane screamed down at the sub.

She expected streams of fire to break from the U-boat. She expected Andy to plunge straight into them, at the risk of having the Westcott blown to bits.

Yet no bullets came.

Then she saw why. The Germans had run away from the gun. Ready to dive, they were pouring into the conning-tower hatch. But, as the Westcott shrieked at them out of the darkness, a few of the men raced back to gun stations.

Andy Rogers swooped so low that he almost ripped off the conning tower. Lennie had a glimpse of spurting fire, of men flinging up arms, stumbling—and then they were past the sub, zooming skyward. She looked back in a daze. No gunner had reached the deck gun. The moonlight revealed a couple of figures lying flat, a few more in the sea.

Andy said, "Let's give 'em another!"

He banked in a sharp turn and roared down again. He flew the entire length of the U-boat, raking its deck with fire. When they rose he asked, "Where's that other one?"

HE had his answer while he spoke —a second rattle of bullets on the Westcott's fuselage. It came from the other U-boat, 300 yards away. It was a momentary spurt, and Andy escaped the worst of it by climbing at crazy speed.

Though she clung wildly to the back of his seat, Lennie lost her footing. She seemed to dangle. Her arms ached with the strain of keeping a grip on the chair. Her head was thrown back, and she saw the sunburst a bullet had left in the cockpit's glass dome. The closeness of death only a few inches above her eyes had no effect on her. In the tension of combat there was no time for normal emotions.

"We've either got to run," Andy said, "or get them before they get us!"

"Get them!" she answered. "*Get them!*"

At 2,000 feet he leveled off and banked, and she regained her footing. Looking down, she saw the long lines of tracer bullets falling in useless arcs below the plane like spent rockets. Up here the Westcott was safe, and it might be suicidal to go down again. Yet Andy didn't hesitate, and she urged him to hurry. Life was an unimportant thing to fling away when a U-boat could be smashed.

He was beginning the long, howling dive when an acrid smell stung her nostrils. In bewilderment, Lennie looked back.

(Continued on page 61)

She stared at Bill Keith with bewilderment that verged on panic. "I—I don't know anything about this! I can't—"

IT WAS THIS WAY

It all began when Ed Barnes picked up an old pitcher from a scrap pile and discovered a miracle—and it ended in this hilarious letter to the President

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Personal

DEAR Mr. President:

I think you should know that Ed Barnes is not a screwball. As his part of the war effort, Ed merely wanted the chance to increase farm production 100 per cent, stabilize prices, relieve the shortage of meat and dairy products, and release a million men to the war factories. Inasmuch as Messrs McNutt, Wickard, Henderson, and Nelson could not spare the time to see him, I thought the best thing to do was to write to you personally. While I know Washington must be a pretty busy place these days, I do feel that despite all you have on your mind you might be interested in knowing that the food and man-power crises have been solved.

Ed might be a bit impulsive at times, Mr. President, but I do feel that in the miraculous pitcher he's got something. I believe that when you know the facts you will agree.

The first I knew about it was when Ed returned from six weeks in Washington. I was in my office at the Prairie Center Weekly Reflex, writing an editorial on the milk shortage, when he came in with a cardboard box under one arm. Ed Barnes is the town garbage collector, as you no doubt will remember from my previous letter to you about the rubber situation.*

"Well, Ed, how goes it?" I asked, drawing up a pad of paper for notes on the inside dope straight from the nation's capital. "How were things in Washington?"

Ed placed the cardboard box carefully on its end on my desk, and reported:

"Nuts."

"Well, yes, Ed, but not for publication," I said diplomatically. "Did you see Grant's Tomb?"

"Go chase yourself," Ed said.

I made doodles on the pad.

"Look here, Will!" Ed cried, exploding from pressure within. "Look at me! Do I look like a slicker? After all, I was only trying to save the country. All I asked was a chance to relieve the farm shortage and solve the man-power situation, without costing anybody a dime! You might have thought they'd let me do that much for my country! Six weeks! Six weeks of office girls and bright young assistant secretaries! To hell with it," he growled. "I'm done. I'm finished. When Roosevelt comes to see me on his hands and knees, maybe I'll save the nation. Maybe not. I ain't saying."

I waited. He went on, picking up the package he'd put on my desk: "All right, I'm nuts. But look at this here, Will." He unwrapped the string from the cardboard box. "You know I'm all right, Will. You know I ain't got the brains to pull a stunt like this, if it *was* a stunt. Assistant secretaries! . . . Here. Watch out! Keep it upside down!"

He handed me a pitcher. An ordinary crockery pitcher. Old, the surface yellowed and crazed with a million hair cracks. The lip was chipped and there was a dark crack running the length of one side.

"Keep it upside down. And look it over careful."

WONDERING, I examined it closely, raising it to peer inside. So far as I could tell, it was just an old pitcher. I said as much.

"Sure," Ed said. He grinned. "Turn it right side up." I did so.

"Watch out, Will! It'll get heavier!"

It did, and I half dropped it onto my desk, just a bit scared. It suddenly had begun getting heavier in my hand when I turned it right side up. Then I saw the white liquid rising in it, and the pitcher was full. Full of the white liquid.

"How do you do it?" I asked.

He spread his hands helplessly. "You're no better than a bright young assistant secretary!" Then he controlled himself with an effort. "Get a glass, Will."

I got one from the filing case.

"Pour yourself some," he told me.

I filled the glass, and the white liquid immediately filled the pitcher to the brim again. I looked curiously at Ed Barnes. He looks anything but a slicker. He's big and slow and just a trifle dumb, Mr. President.

"Drink it," he said.

"Well, now, Ed—"

"It ain't poison! Drink it!"

I took a sip. "This tastes like milk."

"Tastes like milk! It *is* milk! Finest milk in the world! Absolutely pure. And creamy—say, you ought to see the cream when it sits overnight." Ed smacked his lips. "O. K. I'll wait until Roosevelt comes to me on his hands and knees."

HE emptied the pitcher into my wastebasket. At my startled cry, he grinned, saying, "Plenty more where this comes from," and, sure enough, he'd hardly brought the pitcher level again when it was full once more. I knew Ed couldn't do tricks, but I had to see for myself. I took the pitcher and emptied it, emptied it again, and a third time. Then I held it upside down and wiped the inside with my handkerchief. The inner surface was absolutely smooth and unbroken.

"Craziest thing I ever saw since the professor got to bouncing on his rubber heels and couldn't stop," I said. "Got any ideas about why?"

Ed shrugged. "I tried to figure it out at first, but it's got me. Seems natural now; I'm used to it, I guess."

"Where'd you get it?"

"Out of a scrap pile." Then he added, defensively: "Crockery ain't no good for scrap, anyhow. And I've done my best to give it to the nation. My own expense, too."

"Whose scrap pile?"

"Well—Mrs. Whittern's. I guess the scrap drive give her a chance to get rid of a lot of the colonel's stuff she'd probably been keeping since he died only because it wouldn't look right to throw it away.

(Continued on page 67)

He emptied it into my wastebasket. At my startled cry, he grinned. "Plenty more where this comes from."

* A Letter to the President. Liberty, December 12, 1942

Our destinies are too often controlled by closed minds behind closed doors — the Congressional committees

GOVERNMENT BY A HANDFUL

Results of the committee system: A Kentucky coal operator, Congressman Andrew J. May, is chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs.

BY JAY FRANKLIN

Know Your GOVERNMENT VI

WHEN the incoming Seventy-eighth Congress is heralded by fenagling between Massachusetts' Joe Martin and Massachusetts' John McCormack as to how many Republicans shall be allowed to serve on the thirty-eight standing committees of the House of Representatives—

When a New York music publisher is chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations and when a Kentucky coal operator is chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs—

When a small-town Virginia banker can harass organized labor and a witch hunt can be staged on public funds—

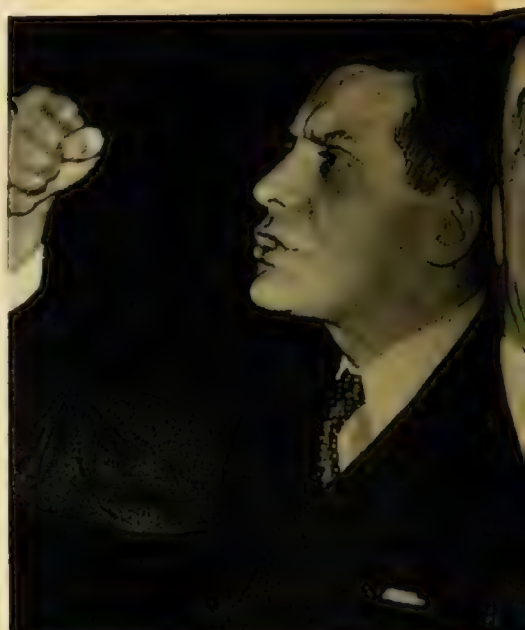
Well, then America is entitled to ask: "What's going on here, anyhow?"

The answer is, the Congressional committee system is at work—or at play—on the lives, the fortunes, and the sacred honor of the American people.

Public business has become so complicated during the last hundred and fifty years that no single body of men could find time to deal with all the questions which come before the Congress for action. Hence the Senate and the House are subdivided into a large number of standing committees and a considerable number of special committees—such as the Dies Committee on Un-American Activities and Senator Murray's Committee on Small Business. It has gradually become a rule that the committee member who has served longest will act as chairman of the committee, so long as his party is in the majority. If his party is in the minority, the man who has served longest on the other side of the political fence becomes chairman. This is known as the seniority system. Until his resignation was enforced, seniority might have made Hamilton Fish of New York the chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations if there had been a Republican majority.

These committees are a group of little legislatures. Every measure submitted to Congress is referred to a committee; no action is taken until the committee has reported the measure out to the floor. Committee hearings may be public or private; they may be decided by proxies or by secret votes; and bills can—with great difficulty—be forced out of a reluctant committee by petition. But, by and large, not one measure out of a thousand reaches the floor of the House or the Senate without the approval of one of these committees.

So you see how Congress, elected by the people, abdicates its legislative duties to committees not selected by the people. The Democratic caucus approves the list of committee assignments drawn up by the Democratic leadership. The Republican Party doesn't even bother with a caucus, preferring to operate through a partisan Committee on Committees. In practice, any man of marked ability may be denied a useful committee assignment. Thus the Republican Party refused to assign the elder Senator La Follette of Wisconsin to the Committee on Interstate Commerce—although he was



Though leftist Marcantonio failed to get on the House Judiciary Committee, he *is* on three other committees. Below: Borah, Senate Foreign Relations chairman, did all his traveling at home

nd Sol Bloom, former New York music publisher, eads the House Committee on Foreign Relations.

Isolationist Fish might have been chairman of the House Foreign Relations Committee if there had been a G. O. P. majority. Below: Representative Luce, Military Affairs Committee member.

nationally recognized as an expert on railroads—because his views were not shared by his fellow Republicans.

The committee system, with its seniority rule and all its stupidity, is—like our own jury system—the result of long experience. Congress tried every other method first. It tried having no permanent committees; picking one for each occasion. It tried having the membership named by the Speaker of the House and by the President of the Senate. That didn't work. Politics and prejudice in selection were freely and accurately charged. It tried having the members elected on the floor by separate ballot. This led to logrolling of a dangerous and disgraceful kind. It tried removing chairmen of committees, but the most famous removal was that of the eminent Chairman Charles Sumner of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in favor of one of General Grant's favorites.

Bad though the system of letting a lot of little congresses take over the functions of the people's Congress is, it could easily be worse.

Some of the committees, like the famous House Committee on Ways and Means and the Senate Committee on Appropriations, are bodies of great dignity and marked ability. They are almost an elective bureaucracy and come far closer to being a government bureau than a deliberative body. Tax bills are divided up and studied item by item, and a man who may be called a blatherskite on the Senate floor will be, in committee, an able, hard-working, and distinguished public servant. Other committees are simply springboards for the personal publicity of their chairmen. But all committees do useful work in predigesting the work of legislation.

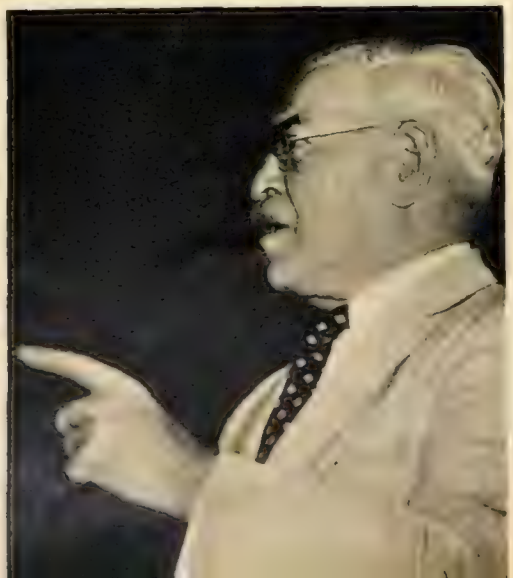
Ten to one, you never heard of half of these committees; twenty to one, you don't know who is chairman of which. Yet they, rather than Roosevelt and his administration, have been the real government of the United States since 1940. These committees and these people will continue to be the government until 1945. You didn't vote to have them do that job, and if you don't like the way they are doing it you can't vote to make them stop. The two committees that really count are the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives, which decides how every bill shall be handled, and the Committee to Audit and Control the Contingent Expenses of the Senate, which can cut off the flow of funds to Senate investigating committees.

If you voted the Republicans into power, you still wouldn't have any control over which Republicans held which committee jobs. That is none of your business. This is an area of government in which popular sovereignty has no voice. You can knock off individual legislators, and you can change majorities into minorities, but the Congressional committees go on forever.

Most of the Democrats who vote live north of the Potomac and west of the Mississippi. Yet, out of the thirty-three standing committees of the Senate, nine are headed by Northerners and fifteen by Southerners. Even in the House, which reflects the actual population of the country, some nineteen out of thirty-eight committees are controlled by Southern chairmen.

This fact is a key to the weakness of the whole system. The Southerners who rise to chairmanships are there, of course, as a result of seniority. Many of them are extremely able and of unquestioned patriotism; but they maintain their seniority as a result of the South's

Seniority made Representative Sabath of Illinois the House Rules Committee's head.



While A. J. Elliott of California heads Committee on Disposal of Executive Paper

one-party system, with or without poll tax. In truth, the seniority system plays into the hands of political machines. Tammany Hall, like the rural Tammanys of the South and the corporation Tammanys of the Western mining states, is able to reelect its men until they have accumulated the sacred seniority.

In one case, it is recorded that two congressmen entering the same committee in the same year flipped a coin to decide which had seniority. The winner eventually became chairman, with vast power and influence over a branch of government concerning which he knew little, while his far abler colleague was shunted off into a committee where he is still far from the chairmanship. Take the case of the underpopulated Western States. Seniority on a Senate committee is just about the only dependable way the cow country can put itself on the political map, so the voters hesitate to turn out a political wheel horse for fear of losing a grip on the government.

THERE is no room for democracy in the assignment of newly elected senators and representatives to committees. The famous House Committee on Disposition of Executive Papers is not something dreamed up by a Hollywood gag man—it is a grim reality: a symbol of the sort of assignment which awaits the man whose views on government are not shared by the party bosses. There is no way on earth to guarantee that an able man elected to Congress will be allowed to work on a committee for which he has special qualifications. That will be decided by the bosses of his own party.

Here, in fact, is where the various pressure groups get in their dirtiest work. If a real radical ever comes to Congress, he'll be lucky to be put on the Committee on the Library of Congress; he'd never get on the Labor Committee. The railroads were powerful enough to keep the elder La Follette off the committee which dealt with railroads, remember.

The strength of the committee system is revealed in the way the big committees split off into little committees. The most important example was when the House Ways and Means Committee split off into the Appropriations Committees. Originally, labor matters were referred to naval committees because the first labor problems arose in connection with shipyards. During the 1920s one of the major achievements of the American Legion was to split off a standing committee on World War Veterans Legislation from the regular Pensions Committee. When a new

(*Continued on page 52*)

LAST LEAVE

YOU see, I'm all hepped up over this seven days I'm getting, when along comes Rita's letter saying she's changed her mind and wants to get hitched as soon as I get home. Boy, am I knocked for a loop! Well, here I am, slumped in a chair in the Company Day Room, trying to get my wits together, when along comes my buddy, Jack Gorman. Jack's a right guy if ever there was one. He sees me in the chair, and eyes me sharp. I guess I'm looking like I'm feeling. All sort of balled up.

"Hi-ya, soldier!" says Jack. "Hope it ain't bad news?"

"I got a letter," I tell him. "The girl friend's changed her mind. She wants to get married before I go."

Jack takes a squint at me and lets out a yip.

"Hot diggedy!" he says. "You're going to get married, and you look like the first feller ashore in a commando raid! What the hell's eatin' you, Walt?"

I grin and try to look casual.

"I'm sort of balled up, Jack. You see, me and Rita have it all settled that we'll wait to get hitched till the war's over. Then along comes this letter saying she's changed her mind and will I wire if it's O. K. I just don't get it."

He turns on his smile and sticks out his mitt.

"You lucky bum!" he says. "She's got such a case on you she can't wait. Congratulations!"

I smile at him, but I don't shake.

"Not so fast," I say. "I haven't said I'm getting married, have I?"

He wipes off the grin, and I see from his face he thinks I'm cuckoo.

"We had it all settled the last time I was home," I tell him. "A feller might not come back. Or he might come back mussed up. You know. Or a girl might have a kid. Or a feller might come back an entirely different guy. He might feel different and think different. See what I mean? And the girl friend might change. Then they'd be in a helluva fix. Huh, Jack?"

"Yeah," he says. "And the world might come to an end this noon. Then we'd all be in a fix. Don't be a goon, Walt! Go send that wire. You want to marry her, don't you?"

I felt my heart thump. Do I want to marry Rita? Would a guy in the field like a plate of sliced chicken and a bottle of beer?

"You don't always want to go by your feelings," I answer him, sort of sulky.

"Nuts!" says Jack. "You don't want to insult her, do you? Come on. Send her an O. K. I'll go with you, kid."

I don't say anything for a minute. I'm thinking of mom, slaving twenty years for a bunch of boarders. Making beds, and sweeping, and soaking prune stains out of tablecloths, when she might have been sitting pretty. I'm not letting Rita in for anything like that. You can bet your sweet life on it!

I can feel Jack pulling my arm. "Come on, bozo. You got groom's cramp, that's all. Sending a wire'll snap you out of it."

"Don't rush me," I tell him, pulling away. "Sit down a minute."

He sits down and we have a smoke.

"I was a boob once," he says. "Had a girl out in Ohio. A honey. We kept company three years and I could have married her easy. Easy! But my job wasn't so hot and I went to New York and got a better one. Six months later, when I'm makin' good money, I find the girl friend's changed her name and lives in Texas. I've been kickin' myself ever since."

I see him looking at his cigarette like somebody's socked him, and I feel sorry for him, and excited, too.

"YOU really think I ought to marry her, Jack?"

"You're a nitwit if you don't," he says, and gets up. "Come on. Send a wire and get it off your chest."

I get up and follow him outside, and I'm feeling like I had four or five beers. Me for the two-o'clock bus and marriage bells! I'm not going around kicking myself, the way Jack's doing. Not me! We swing along past the Service Club. Then we round a corner, and I see the telegraph office ahead and slow up. I'm not feeling like five beers now. Not like one, even.

We reach the telegraph office and stop. I look at the door, but I don't see it. I see a brown spot on a table-

BY MARK ELODEE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

cloth and fingers dipping it in a bowl of water. Fingers that might have stayed pretty—

Then I'm looking at Jack and feeling sort of foolish.

"I've changed my mind," I tell him. "Thanks, kid, for trying to help me."

Before he can answer I'm hotfooting it down the street to the C. O.'s office. I step inside and salute.

"Private Cullen reporting, sir, with a request."

Captain Hall looks up. "Yes, Cullen?"

"You gave me a seven-day furlough, sir," I tell him. "Beginning at noon today. I—I'd like to have it canceled, sir."

I see him look at me sharp. "Your reason, Cullen?"

I TELL him I don't want to get married till after the war, and explain the only way I can get out of it without insulting the girl friend is to wire her my leave's been canceled.

The C. O. listens and drums on his desk. "I suppose you realize, Cullen, that this will be your last chance to see your folks?"

"Yes, sir," I tell him. "I've thought of that, sir."

I can see he's thinking, and I get a hunch he doesn't like to cancel a guy's leave.

"Nothing doing," he says. "You owe this leave to your folks. As for the young lady, my advice is to talk things over with her."

I'm up a tree, so I think quick.

"I suppose you'll think I'm wacky, sir, but mom got married in World War I. She's had a tough time. A hell of a time. You see, dad was in the Argonne. I—I never saw him, sir."

Captain Hall coughs and looks out of the window. He looks so long that I figure I got to say something more. Before I can think of it, though, his head snaps front and he picks up his pen.

"As you wish, Cullen," he says. Then he says, sort of quiet, "I hope she'll be waiting, soldier, when you get back."

I thank him and salute, snappy. And what do you s'pose he does? He gets up and holds out his hand! Him a captain and me a buck private! Jeez!

THE END

I step inside and salute. "Private Cullen reporting, sir, with a request."

Red Cross field directors, most of whom are draft exempt, brave frontline fire to keep the spirit of home alive in our fighting men

ARMOR FOR THE SPIRIT

BY GEORGE KORSON

PHOTOS BY TONI FRISSELL

ALTHOUGH the morale of its men is of great military importance, the army alone cannot maintain it. For morale is not tanks and bullets. It is crackers, playing cards, cribbage boards, and pocket knives for whittling. It is a canteen near Casablanca set up to look like Joe's Place on U. S. Highway No. 1. It is mystery novels, hamburgers, Benny Goodman records, and men from home willing to lend a sympathetic ear to a worried soldier. All this and more are provided our troops overseas by the American Red Cross, the only nonmilitary organization permitted to accompany the American Expeditionary Forces abroad.

Like the army, the American Red Cross is more than an organization. It is a collection of individuals—quite extraordinary individuals. Red Cross field directors, for example, must not only be able to "take it" themselves; they must also help others to "take it." Mainly draft-exempt men between thirty and fifty, field directors are privileged to wear army officers' uniforms but must share the discomforts and hazards of combat without having the satisfaction of being able to fight back—a taboo under international law.

What do they do? Field Director James Stewart, a former Oneonta, New York, business man and the father of two high-school lads, took

over what was then the "hottest" spot in the southwest Pacific: the territory between Port Moresby and Milne Bay in New Guinea. Stewart had a single sixteen-millimeter movie projector and a few reels of film. Traveling in a jeep, he did a series of one-night stands at jungle outposts, showing movies. The pictures were often interrupted by Jap bombing raids. When some of the lads were machine-gunned to death, Stewart abandoned his projector and helped bury them.

Field Director Peter G. Grose, a former New York dairy farmer assigned to duty in the Australian bush country, became a long-distance shopper for our boys in remote stations. Regularly he made the rounds of large Australian cities. On one such journey he carried more than 800 Australian pounds and returned with movie cameras, flashlights, moccasins, an embroidery set for a high American officer, a rosary for a padre, and files and hacksaws for a doughboy who makes rings from parts of shot-down Jap Zeros.

After the landings on Guadalcanal last August, Alfred S. Campbell, a field director with the marines, borrowed a Higgins boat and a crew and went from one naval vessel to another, buying everything in sight. By night he had 1,500 cartons of cigarettes, about a ton of powdered chocolate, several thousand sticks of chewing gum, much soap, and hundreds of comfort kits—all for the victorious marines.

David S. Oman of Carrollton, Ohio, another field director who landed with the marines in the Solomons, carried dozens of casualties over a bitterly contested, bullet-swept ridge. In a tropical downpour he accompanied marine surgeons on their rounds, helping to tend wounded marines on the field.

Wherever the American flag has been raised in the fight for freedom —Britain, Egypt, Tunisia, India, Australia, and the South Pacific islands—Red Cross field and club directors have taken their posts. Why are they there? To help the United States Army maintain morale, that intangible state of a soldier's mind and heart without which the most superb arms and equipment would be of no avail.

These workers provide the official link between the soldier in the field and his family at home. They give a sympathetic hearing to his personal problems and, if necessary, enlist the assistance of the man's local Red Cross chapter to straighten things out at home. In the words of General George C. Marshall, chief of staff: "The morale of the family at home has a great deal to do with the morale of the soldier in camp."

Overseas, the recreation branch of the Red Cross has developed an unprecedented program of diversion for troops in the field and those in hospitals. Red Cross clubs have been established at the request of the War Department in leave areas of countries in which American troops are stationed. To these boys the clubs represent a bit of home abroad—complete with hot dogs and, in some cases, a juke box. Each club has an experienced program director to arrange sports and other entertainment. Movie stars are even now barnstorming through North Africa.

The men directing these activities are highly qualified and expertly trained. Fred Corcoran, for example, supervises many Red Cross sports activities in Britain. Corcoran should know his business, having been tournament manager of the Professional Golfers' Association for many years. Likewise, Dwight Deere Wiman, who directs entertainment activities in the British Isles, is an old hand at his game, having produced over fifty plays and musical comedies on the New York stage. August Pfeiffer, a former Olympic champ and one-time recreation director for the city of Newark, is well qualified for his job of recreation director.

They are typical of the men working as Red Cross club and field directors overseas, men who have tossed up lucrative jobs in the States for the hard work, comparative anonymity and the $200- to $225-a-month pay of the Red Cross field director.

THE END

Red Cross Field Director Harold Tomassi and Private Carl R. Golden pass out peanuts to English children.

In England, C. De Burford, field director supervisor, and Mr. Tomassi interview a member of a bomber crew.

HITLER'S GIFT TO HOLLYWOOD

Actor Paul Henreid, who was barred from Nazi Germany, has convinced producers he's as good as he says he is

BY HOWARD SHARPE

AMONG the various talented refugees who in 1940 sailed past Miss Liberty into New York harbor was an Austrian baron (and actor) of Swedish parentage, traveling on an Italian passport. His name: Paul von Hernreid. Accompanying him was Lisl, his Austrian wife; an aged Skye terrier named Mack; a collection of antique glass dinner bells; and less than $100 in cash.

After several months during which he was unable to land a decent job as an actor, he decided to sell an interest in himself to an agent. "What percentage, and for how much?" asked Lisl, when he explained this to her.

He told her.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "I'll get a job and support you myself until something turns up. Furthermore," she added magnanimously, "I'll do it for only 5 per cent."

Not long thereafter, when, under the simplified name of Paul Henreid, he had come to Hollywood on a picture deal, she asked what he expected to make in 1942. He named an optimistic sum. "Add $10,000 to that," said she bravely, by way of encouraging him, "and I'll gladly accept what's left over."

He was amused enough to agree.

Last year, by simply sitting at home and snaffling her share when the pay checks came in (first, of course, deducting the income tax which he must pay on the whole), Lisl Henreid made more money than her husband did. This was because the British decided to release in America a little quickie film that Henreid had finished just before he left England. Called Night Train, it turned out to be a sleeper—a surprise box-office smash.

Warner Brothers and RKO, both acutely aware of one of the potent reasons for the film's success, got Henreid's signature on two different contracts; whereupon he immediately justified what was thought of him by bowling over feminine audiences in Joan of Paris, and as Bette Davis' lover in Now, Voyager.

Casablanca, the picture in which he is now featured, is doing exceptional business in all markets, with Henreid's fan mail increasing at a velocity not alone explained by the film's timely release. And in Devotion, the story of the Brontës which he has just finished, he enjoys a considerable advance over previous assignments, sharing with Olivia De Havilland and Ida Lupino a lush footage.

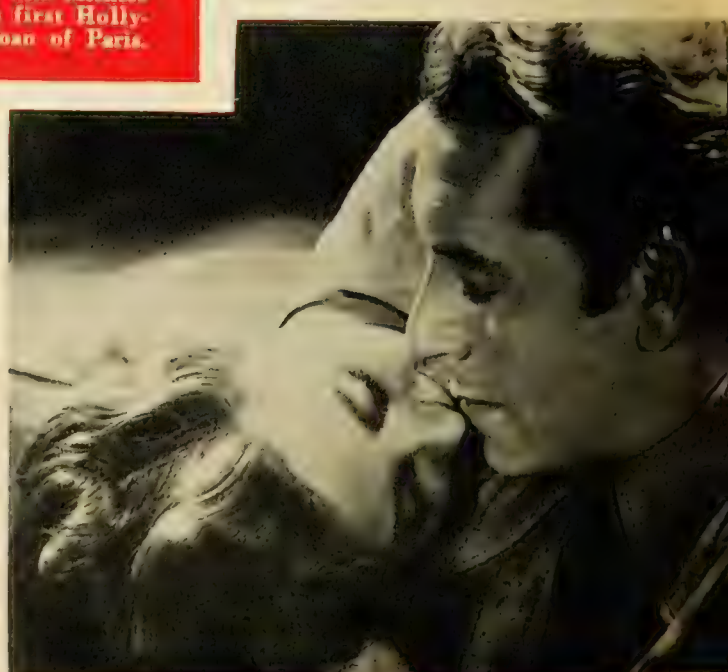
Filmtown ladies whose hand he has kissed describe him as "Boyer with hair," but he is more than that. Aside from the fact that he is a perfect romantic-hero type added to Hollywood's war-decimated ranks, he is a sound actor with excellent training and good business judgment.

He is, in fact, a gift smack from heaven to the expanded (90,000,000 weekly) audiences of American theatergoers. In addition, he brings with him to Hollywood the priceless premium of his past. Being a genuine all-wool baron who has democratically and judicially exchanged his title for United States first-citizenship papers, he is the equivalent of an opium jag to all whose job it is to glamorize him off screen.

Thirty-four last January, Henreid has the physique of a college track star and the face of a sophisticate, with two deep lines that have etched their way to the corners of his mouth and which feminine admirers consider "interesting." They disappear when he is bored and when he is eating Vienna schnitzel at Chasens, where the dish is made with thin slices of meat, as it is in Vienna. The lines are deepest, on the other hand, when he is at odds with a director over the method of playing a scene, or when he's angry at his studio over some fancied injury.

When, for example, Now, Voyager was first advertised to the public, Henreid discovered an advertisement in a New York paper in which Bette Davis' name was printed in capitals, while his underscored it in

Henreid, then von Hernreid, in the Broadway play, Flight to the West. Right, with Michele Morgan, in his first Hollywood picture, Joan of Paris.



lower-case type. Only after it was explained to him that such juggling of type had been necessary because his name had more letters than Bette's and had to be crowded into the same space did the lines in his face assume natural proportions.

Such arrogance is a holdover from his earlier days. "Never," his father had once admonished him, "work for money." The old Baron Carl von Hernreid was one of the richest men in Austria at the time, being financial adviser on Bohemia to Emperor Franz Josef. Unfortunately, the baron left his fortune in Austrian war bonds, and thus Paul was not in a position to follow his advice.

He had been graduated from the appallingly exclusive Maria Thérèse Académie, a school for diplomats. By the time he left the school, only 5,000 Austrian schillings remained of the once great von Hernreid fortune, and it had to be used to buy a small apartment in Vienna. Paul, who had given what he felt were several extraordinary performances in school plays, told his mother he wanted to be an actor. She immediately called a family council of uncles, who shouted him down and got him a job with Vienna's leading book publishers.

In order to pay for his preliminary training at the Institute of Graphic Arts, the baroness made a tremendous social sacrifice and allowed herself to be employed as manager of a perfume store. But although Paul did so well in his job that his mother was soon able to give up hers, she felt that everything would be simplified all around if he should make a marriage consistent with his name and station. Accordingly the

(*Continued on page 49*)

PRO

SHOULD SEX HYGIENE BE TAUGH

By acquainting young people with the risks of misconduct, we will save them from the consequences—and perhaps from misconduct itself

IN New York City 22 per cent more children between fifteen and nineteen are contracting syphilis than last year and 30 per cent more are contracting gonorrhea, according to the Health Commissioner. Sex offenses in some areas of the country are up to 62 per cent, according to the American Social Hygiene Association, and cases involving teen-age Americans have skyrocketed.

These are facts and must be treated as such. It does no earthly good for us older people to wring our hands. The only valid question for us is, How can we arrest this trend and save growing boys and girls from disease?

Two important factors are involved in every one of these cases: ignorance and immorality. The first we can cure quickly. Boys and girls old enough to contract venereal diseases are old enough to know the precautions which might have saved them. We may hope, when we tell them of the risks they run through misbehavior, that they will decide for continence. But if they disappoint us, as some surely will, let them misbehave in some degree of *physical* safety to themselves and with minimum risk of spreading the contagion.

Some consider a social disease appropriate punishment for young ones swept away in times like these, but most of us are not so severe. We cannot expect from teen-age members of a war generation the behavior that we would from youngsters raised in normal homes in normal times. With parents at work in war plants the whole routine of many a home has been knocked out for the duration. Young people do not find the wholesome recreation they should have. The juke joint, unsavory and squalid, has too often taken over the job of entertaining youth.

We must also consider the inner conflicts driving these young people into delinquency. The boy of seventeen knows that in another year he will probably be in uniform. How long will it be before he returns to a peacetime job—*if* he returns? No one can tell him, so he acts as if life were to return to normal tomorrow.

This mood of reckless living in the present accompanies all wars. We cannot argue today's youth out of it; we can only do our best to safeguard youth's health.

Since puritanical hush-hush has prevented parents from telling boys and girls the facts of prophylaxis against venereal diseases, society must take on the job. Let's take it on now, and save future thousands from tragic consequences of ignorance!

Some boys and girls have erred with only the vaguest inkling of the risks they were running. Many, if they knew the magnitude of such risks, would lead continent lives. The others would learn how to avoid infection. All would discover that there are older people willing to help them. That spirit of friendliness would work toward a wholesome change from the insubordinate attitude of youth common today. We might well break down the barriers between the generations with some such speech as this:

"You young men and women would be a lot better off if you deferred your sexual experiments for a good many years more, but we know some of you won't. We'll tell you the risks you're running, so that you can decide for yourselves. At least, you'll be acting with your eyes open. And we'll tell you what to do to reduce those risks—we won't hold out on you. We'll tell you, too, that none of these precautions are foolproof. We'll give you the main facts about treatment of venereal diseases and where it can be obtained. Ask any question you like; we'll answer as honestly as we know how."

If specially trained teachers approached every American high-school pupil with that speech, the venereal-disease rate among youth would plummet down. What is more, we elders would have won the confidence of youth.

THE ARBITRATOR

MR. PRO and Mr. Con represent two large and important groups of opinion. We need both points of view if our civilization is to survive.

The present situation is shocking; obviously something in the way of an emergency measure must be taken at once. I agree with Mr. Pro that these young people have a right to whatever medical knowledge is available to save them from horrible diseases. I also agree with Mr. Con that our duty to the teen-age American by no means ends there.

But I am not sure how well we can fulfill this duty during the war. Suppose, as Mr. Pro has done, that you are a wild, high-spirited boy of sixteen or seventeen, a member of a family of migrant war workers. It is going to take a long time for any teacher to win your trust so fully that you will accept any advice which runs counter to your own desires. And one of the tragedies of war is this: not enough older people take the time to deal patiently with the problems of youth. That, I think, is the weakness of Mr. Con's program in 1943.

And so, I say, in this serious emergency we had better give our children all the protection an intelligent society can afford—in other words, teach them the facts of sex hygiene. This does not mean encouragement of promiscuity.

A world at war is not a world of ideals. Society's struggle to protect itself involves the strengthening and perpetuation of ideals, but it must face emergency by emergency methods. The army, navy, and marines

OUR HIGH SCHOOLS?

Teaching sex hygiene in high schools would be a confession of moral bankruptcy, something no American parent is willing to concede

CON

CISION BY IRA S. WILE, M. D.

Former Commissioner of Education, City of New York

THE suggestion that we teach sex hygiene to children of fourteen and fifteen is a confession of moral bankruptcy. Shall we, their elders, say, "The young people have got out of hand—too bad," and accept the situation? That is hardly a courageous stand.

I do not believe that sex-hygiene instruction is the answer to the problem of moral infection among the young. What is needed is treatment of the trouble at its source. First of all, we must make up our minds about what kind of conduct we expect of the teen-age American. We all agree that the present trend is undesirable. Nobody wants to see fifteen-year-old girls haled into court on prostitution charges, or to have boys bringing the syphilis germ into the classroom. But what *do* we want of our youth?

The advocates of teaching sex hygiene have not said openly that they accept teen-age promiscuity as a matter of course—yet that is implicit in their program. If ours is to become a promiscuous, un-Christian civilization, we had better start tomorrow to teach sex hygiene in our schools—and birth control as well. If we accept the sexual morality of the jungle savage, we can at least be healthy savages and savages who do not burden our little girls with unwanted babies.

But I have a greater faith in our American dream than that. If all venereal disease were wiped out tomorrow, the argument for continence of the young would scarcely be weakened. The extramarital experience which has no consequences of disease is as dangerous to our culture as the one which has. The rising disease rate is only a symptom of a far graver malady—the threatened breakdown of family morality.

Those of us who oppose the teaching of sex hygiene in the schools also wish to wipe out venereal disease seek to overcome and prevent venereal disease. Those concerned with man power seek to lessen days of absence due to illness. The protection of youth, now preparing itself for serving the nation at the age of seventeen to nineteen, requires the assistance of an intelligent community.

But the whole country is not suffering from the moral breakdown which is evident in some war-burdened towns. We need not rush into an emergency sex-education program everywhere. Let us consider sex education an emergency device, like a fire engine. Where there is fire, let it by all means be rushed to answer the alarm. But in many parts of the country there need be no alarm.

Even in the areas where sex-hygiene instruction is required, we—and the teachers who give the lectures—should be well aware of its shallowness. If we point out that there are other consequences of loose living against which no prophylaxis is known, perhaps the youngsters will believe us, since they have found us frank about the purely physical effects. Perhaps sex-hygiene lectures will open the way for further instruction on the meaning of love and marriage.

I believe such lectures can serve an immensely useful purpose in certain carefully chosen high schools today, particularly in those areas most seriously affected by wartime dislocation. The lectures have already been introduced in some high schools but not in enough. But I believe the value of such courses will be multiplied many times if we are determined that this must be the *last* generation of Americans to reach their teens without a real understanding of continence as a happier way of life.

—but we propose giving our children, instead of such teaching, training for citizenship and service and the basis for happy marriages.

How can this be effectively done? By first retracing our steps and finding out where we have taken the wrong turn in our teaching. In the past fifty years our educators have been driving morality out of the public schools with their insistence on "objective" teaching. As a result many youngsters' lives have been permanently shadowed because no one told them that loose living is unhappy living. Infection with a social disease is only part of their tragedy.

The youngster who "plays around" today is often the adulterer and the divorcé of tomorrow. The best of literature and philosophy will be a closed book to such youngsters—for it is based on a belief in self-restraint which they have discarded in favor of self-indulgence. When such people become average Americans, our civilization will be on its way out.

I grant that every growing boy and girl should be told the fundamental facts of sexual expression. But this is a *parent's* duty, which should not be handed over to a schoolteacher.

It is a pity that some boys and girls reach the schools without having received in their homes a sense of morality on which the teachers could build. But since this is true, our educators have an even graver obligation. Let us teach children the emotional values that come from building a marriage on continence and faithfulness to a high ideal. Let us tell them the truth—that trashy sexual adventures dull the appetite for the rich experience of adult love.

All we need do is share with our children the larger truths of love and marriage and fidelity. Then we will have given them respect for their own bodies and emotions which will make promiscuity repugnant to them. We must not risk teaching them how to offend without incurring the superficial punishment of venereal disease, while their souls are eaten with a subtler and more enduring infection.

FREE LANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD

BOOM-TOWN BOARDINGHOUSE

For $8.50 a week, defense workers get room, board, and fun in "Maw" Stanbery's Hollywood "Home for Young People"

MEET Lillian "Maw" Stanbery, redheaded, rugged ex-vaudevillian who is proprietor of Hollywood's unique "Home for Young People." Hollywood is now a standard boom town, housing the overflow of workers from southern California's mushrooming war plants. In a rambling old mansion that once belonged to movie star Wallace Reid, Maw hands out food and lodging to twenty-seven of these young men and women. The lads occupy the second floor; the girls the floor above. They meet socially at meals and in the huge living room. Party refreshments are on the house. Maw is not merely a landlady; she's a combination mother confessor, cook, and Dutch uncle to her brood.

Two of Maw's graveyard shift workers collect their early-morning snack—sandwiches, an apple, and an orange.

With girls present in pictures only, three swing enthusiasts on the men's floor enjoy a "record" jam session.

Two Lockheed workers—he's in the camouflage department —get together at Maw's as artist and model after hours.

Ten romances between lodgers have blossomed into matrimony since Maw started her menage fifteen months ago.

Saturday-night poker games start at 10 P. M. and often last until dawn. Maw, an addict, firmly vetoes all efforts to break the three-cent limit.

You think gas rationing is a headache? Read about

MOTORING IN GERMANY

BY CHARLES LANIUS

THOUSANDS of queer-looking, smoking, sulphuric-smelling contraptions crawl along the German highways these days. A close inspection reveals they are wood-gas-, charcoal-, and coke-burning automobiles transformed from gasoline motorcars. Awkward and unsightly, they travel the roads with astonishingly good results and comparatively small fuel expense. They save the Germans millions of gallons of desperately needed gasoline.

Any standard automobile can be turned into a gas burner. Since the beginning of 1941 more than 200,000 motorcars in Germany, including many American models, have been converted to "gazogenes." The actual operation of the automobile isn't changed; only the fuel is different.

There are several different types of burners, but the systems are fundamentally the same. Most common are the charcoal and coke burners. They look and operate like round portable stoves attached to automobiles. The fires inside the burners must be stoked and banked just like a furnace. To start the automobile in the morning, the driver takes a blower and coaxes up a smoldering fire similar to a blacksmith's forge fire. When it gets going, filters, coils, and the machinery inside the burner do the rest. In a few minutes combustible gas is flowing through the pipes to the engine. A little warming up and the "smoker" is ready to start. The same fire lasts all day if it's tended properly.

Installation isn't a difficult mechanical job. The gasoline tank is disconnected and a coal-gas pipe is hooked up to the motor. Sometimes the round metal burner is hauled along behind the automobile on a light two-wheeled trailer. A fuel line runs along underneath the automobile connecting the gas chamber with the engine. This is a de luxe model. Just imagine how a black-enameled washing machine on two wheels hitched to the back of an automobile would look and you have a fairly accurate picture of this fancy job.

Another type is welded onto the rear of the car, and at first glance it looks mostly like a large luggage carrier. Then there's a [illegible] that can be racked upright onto the running boards, close to the front fender.

On the road, burner-equipped automobiles operate like gasoline-driven machines. They roll along the highways at a good clip, going fifty to sixty miles an hour without any trouble. However, they lose power on hills, and wheeze, smoke, puff, and splutter, but somehow they make it to the top. Most of the road trucking in the Reich is handled by burner-converted trucks. With few exceptions, only military and official cars are allowed to use gasoline.

The burners look and operate like round portable stoves attached to automobiles.

The drivers must watch their fires. Every hour or so they must add a few cakes of coke, pressed coal dust, or charcoal. Even when parked on the street the fires still burn. Most "smokers" are equipped with an overflow valve which automatically allows gas surplus to escape. The valves let out a sharp whistle every three or four minutes.

Extra fuel is carried in burlap sacks somewhere in the car. In the de luxe trailer model there's a special compartment for fuel.

Converted vehicles must be cleaned frequently and completely overhauled about every two months if they are expected to operate efficiently. Coal gas is particularly murderous on spark plugs, and wise operators clean them thoroughly every few days. Cylinders cake up fast and must be reground often. Mechanics claim automobiles can be reconverted, but engines are ruined for good performance with gasoline.

Rubber is even a bigger problem than fuel. Even with a permit to buy tires, it often takes months before they can be found on sale. The manufacture of buna, an artificial rubber which Germans say is better than the real thing, has helped, but most of it goes to the army.

In spite of the rubber and gas shortages there's no speed limit in Germany. German drivers can go as fast as they like on the broad straight concrete almost deserted *autobahns*. The Nazis have made sure that the British can't use the highways either. Road blocks and obstructions line the middle traffic lanes so that if British airplanes attempted to land they would be almost certain to crack up.

Nazi traffic control rations the use of automobiles along with gasoline and rubber. A car owner cannot drive his car, even though he's willing to transform it into a coal burner, without a special permit. And that's practically impossible for a private citizen, other than a doctor.

Taxis are so rare that the average German has given up even considering them as a means of transportation. Police continually stop and check drivers and their fares. Often frightened cab drivers refuse customers who haven't got airtight reasons for a short city trip.

Motoring in Germany is a real headache.

THE END

EAST OF FAREWELL

A novel by

HOWARD HUNT

A Liberty BOOK

"IT'S WORTH A LIFETIME IN THE NAVY," THE COMMODORE SAID, "TO SEE A SHIP COME THROUGH LIKE THAT."

HERE is the story of the men who "take them across," the destroyer crews who brave more than the sea and battle and death — who live through the tenseness of waiting for that one moment when the enemy sub or plane may strike — for the brief, final round which means either they or the enemy sink to destruction.

This is the first novel about the war written by an American who has actually fought in it — swift, terse, tense, with an undercurrent of excitement you'll never forget.

ABRIDGED TO A READING TIME OF ONE EVENING — COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

ON the destroyers half the men watch and work while the other half sleep. The guns are manned. The fires are lighted under all the boilers—the cooks and bakers work to try to feed the men who are awake and hungry. Night is the same as day, for there is never real sleep without fear of the submarine klaxon, or the pounding of your body against the bunk chains, or thinking of some one ashore, or hating, or whispering, or being in pain, or waiting for the time to go on watch again, or praying, or wishing you'd get killed all of a sudden when it happened, or watching the bursting of the ash cans sending the sea into the sky and the shudder of the ship . . . and sometimes the black streaks of oil on the gray waves.

Chief Engineer O'Brien sat alone at the wardroom table reading a magazine. It was a continued story and he knew that when he finished this installment he might as well forget it because he would never be able to get the next, and the hell of it was he could never know how it ended. His coffee cup slid to the far end of the table. The wooden rack stopped it from falling to the deck and he put out his hand and caught it when the next roll slid it past him.

Wedging himself tighter into his chair, he saw the Old Man come down the ladder into the wardroom.

"Gettin' tired of ridin' up there, cap'n?"

The Old Man had a sheaf of dispatches in his hand. He was short and thick and he did not roll well with the ship.

"It rides the same everywhere, chief," the Old Man said. He spread the flimsies on the table and fitted himself slowly into a chair.

"The fuel reports from the four-stackers just came in," the Old Man said.

"How're they holdin' out?"

"Not so good." He held out the papers to O'Brien.

The chief took them and looked at them carefully. "Captain," he said, "something better happen soon."

"I thought I'd talk to you before I told the commodore,"

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the Old Man said. "He'll want to know all the dope when I tell him . . . how long the other destroyers can hold out . . . how many miles more they can go at how many knots, and finally how we're fixed ourselves."

The chief figured silently for a minute.

"If we meet the British escort tomorrow we won't have to worry," he said. "But they may be west of us already, with the distance getting greater every hour."

The chief put away his pencil and looked up. "If the weather don't get any worse the four-stackers can stick with us until about noon tomorrow. Then they've got to pull out and head for Reykjavik. They can make it at eleven knots with a few hours to spare."

The Old Man nodded. "But how about us—how much longer can we keep going?"

"Almost three days," the chief said, "cutting it close."

"I don't like it," the Old Man said. "This is my ship, and I don't like it at all. I wish we'd leave these punks and get the hell out of here."

"What's the commodore going to do?" the chief asked.

"I don't know. He'll make up his mind on the basis of what you say about the fuel on hand."

"That's the way I figure it."

"O. K.," the Old Man said.

He started to get out of the chair when the commodore came down the ladder. He had on a fur-lined parka with the hood thrown back so that he looked like a lean St. Nicholas.

"Sit down, sit down, Bert," he said; then, seeing the papers: "What've we got here?"

"Fuel reports, commodore," the Old Man said. "I was just showing them to the chief."

"What the hell do they mean?" the commodore asked.

"They mean the others can't last much longer," the Old Man said; "they've got to get some place where they can fuel."

"How much longer?"

"Tomorrow noon."

"Great heaven!" the commodore said bitterly. "How long are we good for, chief?"

"About three days—figuring close."

The commodore cursed. "No messages from those British destroyers, either." He pounded his fist on the table. "There ain't anything in the books to cover this!"

"This is one they missed," the Old Man said.

"If we don't meet those other escorts by noon, I'm going to turn them loose and tell them to go back to Reykjavik."

"How about us?" the Old Man asked. "What do we do?"

"Bert," the commodore said, "we'll stick with the convoy and see them through. We can make it all right to Ireland, and they'll have the planes with them by then. The only thing is that if the subs start popping up, they'll start shooting for us first. Once we're out of the way, they can ride the waves and pick off the rest like pop bottles on a rail fence."

"I wish this was an old can," the Old Man said. "I wish our fuel tanks weren't so big that we had to play big brother all over the Atlantic. If the English escort doesn't show up by noon tomorrow, we'll take them in ourselves and the four-stackers will go to Reykjavik."

The commodore got up from the table and walked over to the transom. "I'll have to break radio silence to tell Washington what I'm doing."

When the commodore had gone, the Old Man slowly crumpled the fuel reports in his hand. He swore. "Why I ever left submarine I don't know," he said.

"Breaking radio silence tomorrow," the chief said. "I hope nobody's listening."

GAYLORD had the morning watch. There was never any light until about ten and now he could barely see the ship on his port beam. About 0930 the sound operator yelled in to him that there was a contact at 4,000 yards on the starboard bow. Mechanically Gaylord rang Submarine Quarters. The klaxon sounded through the ship like an angry wasp. He rang up flank speed and made a forty-five-degree turn. He could feel the ship shudder with the added power as it plowed through the waves, heeling to starboard.

"Signal the convoy and the other cans: 'Have contact on starboard bow. Investigating,'" he said quietly to the signalman.

The bridge became alive with moving men. The Old Man was there beside him, putting on binoculars and getting his sheepskin on over his pajamas. The sound operator sang out bearings and ranges and then the Old Man took over.

Gaylord felt better. He stepped out on the wing of the bridge and walked aft, pushing aside signalmen and lookouts until he reached the ladder to the gun director. The ship was bucking now, like a flivver fighting a corduroy road. Spray came over the bridge and he ducked behind the director base while water from a big one whistled around him. Then he opened the door and went inside. The director was already training around, searching the surface ahead, when he climbed up to his station. One of the men handed him his phones and kept on grinding his hand wheels around. Gaylord felt detached from the action around him. He put on his headphones deliberately and adjusted them over the helmet. Then he reached up and found his tin hat. Only one other man had donned one, but he put his on. He knew what happened when you were blown up against an overhead.

"See anything yet?" He felt he should say something.

"No, sir," the range-finder operator said. "I can just about keep my eye on this eyepiece."

"Train right," Gaylord said. He put his eye to the rubber guard of the check sight.

"All guns have reported manned and ready, sir."

"Very well." He spoke through his transmitter: "Main battery manned and ready," and heard the bridge acknowledge. The ship was bucking worse now and he could feel the director tower vibrate with the sagging and hogging of the hull. Then he heard the words come over the phones from the bridge: "All stations stand by for depth-charge attack."

"Cease training," he said. He reached overhead and undogged the hatch above him. He threw it back with a clank and wedged himself upward. The spray caught him heavily. He turned around quickly and put up the

heavy fur collar of his coat. Over the phones he could hear the orders from the bridge:

"Let go!"

The Y-gun suddenly erupted two sluggish Ts that sailed lazily through the air a few hundred yards on either side of the ship and sank below the waves with hardly a splash. Then the twin blasts astern fused in a terrible shock of sound and he could feel his tin hat lift a little. The spouts of water came up as high as the mast but far away, looking like a couple of misplaced Old Faithfuls. When they had fallen back the water boiled and he could see the gray mud of the bottom discoloring the black of the sea around.

"Let go!"

He tried to watch the spot where the charges landed, but the waves had swept over their points of entry in a healing motion that made him wonder if they had sunk at all. Their blasts stunned him and he realized that the ship was closer to the explosions than before. The ship lifted up over the surge of pressure and he wondered how the pitifully thin skin could hold it out.

"Returning to repeat barrage."

Their turning circle was half completed when he could see occasional dead fish floating on the waves. They were belly-up, and as they passed close by he could see that they had not been torn, but killed by the invisible shattering blast of detonation. There was no grating or cork or oil or clothes or parts of men that would tell him the sub was crushed. His face was raw with the cold.

"I hope we get him this time," the pointer said. "I won't mind losing my sleep if we just get him."

"Let go!"

He watched the men clinging to the Y-gun and the racks while the sea surged over them on the roll.

"Look at 'em," the pointer said. "Cripes, they're lucky if some one don't go over the side."

The men had hoisted two more depth charges into place and Gaylord could see the men scramble away, helping one another over the slippery deck. They stood against stanchions, against the racks, against the after davits, numb with cold.

WHANG!

The white water shot up like two bleached toadstools and disappeared like the withdrawing of spear points. The gray silt churned and spread until the circles merged.

"Keep a sharp lookout for floating objects."

He exhaled explosively. He felt as though he had been smothering in the wind and the spray, and he realized that he had been holding his breath. His chest ached and his breathing came fast. He loosened the strap under his chin and the throat muscles stood out with the relief.

"Action, stations," he told the guns; "stand by to load."

The murmured "Aye, ayes" came back to him as though from a thousand miles away. He hoped there would be a chance to fire.

DOWN in the charthouse Maxon put away the stop watch. He put it carefully back into its soft chamois bag and into the drawer with the spare sextants. It's over for me now, he thought. I've finished my job and I'm through. The rolling had stopped a little. They were slowing to circle and search the area again. He could feel the trembling of his jaw muscles. I need a drink now, he told himself, because my job's over—it's up to the others from now on. I don't want to think about what it's like under the sea now with the water rushing into the sub and the pressure killing the men inside like stepping on a snail.

The sound operator turned to him. "There's no contact any more, sir," he said. "I haven't heard anything for over a minute."

"Tell the captain," Maxon said. "It doesn't make any difference to me now." He leaned back against the navigating table and heard the commodore shout back through the speaking hatch:

"Hear him any more?"

"No, sir," the operator said. "I haven't heard him for over a minute." Pratt, the executive officer, was searching the surface with his binoculars.

"See any oil?" the commodore asked.

"No, sir," Pratt said. "I can't see any out there."

"Bert, have your lookouts keep a sharp watch now. We don't want to miss anything that's up and about."

The Old Man relayed the order to the quartermaster.

"I think we got that one!" the commodore said, rocking on his heels. "I listened to him start to run away, and I think we got him the second time around."

"I don't doubt it," the Old Man said.

"We'll search a bit more, Bert, and then you can secure the racks and guns," the commodore said. "That Hun's so far down it'll take a week for anything to float up."

"Left standard rudder," the Old Man said: "Two thirds speed."

The deck slanted sharply to port as she swung around, and the men on the bridge relaxed.

"I'm goin' below," the commodore said. He opened the charthouse door and lumbered out.

"Pratt," the Old Man said to the exec, "better write up the report of this while it's fresh in your mind. . . . Come left to the base course," he told the helmsman.

"Left to the base course—aye, aye, sir." The ship swung heavily at the slow speed. The seas were against her.

Tonight we'll be alone with those ships over there, he said to himself. Tonight there'll be just one tin can and all of them.

A radio messenger came into the pilothouse. "The commodore wants you to initial this for release," he said.

The Old Man grabbed the dispatch and read it slowly:

HAVE NOT BEEN MET BY BRITISH ESCORT STOP AT TWELVE NOON TODAY AM PROCEEDING TO IRISH PORT WITH CONVOY OR UNTIL MET BY BRITISH ESCORT STOP OTHER DESTROYERS TO REYKJAVIK FOR FUEL URGENTLY NEEDED.

The Old Man scratched his initials on the dispatch.

"Secure from general quarters," he said, and walking aft he snapped the pencil between his fingers and threw it into the sea.

LIEUTENANT (J.G.) WALTON sat at his desk and drummed his pencil angrily against the coffee cup. He looked at the compartment inspection report in front of him. He had examined each compartment after the depth-charge attack to determine the general watertightness of the ship. A depth charge detonating too near could blow the stern or the screws away and strain seams all over the ship. He checked off each compartment on the list, mentally recalling the appearance of each.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," Walton said. He turned in his chair so that he faced the doorway.

"Did you want to see me, Mr. Walton?" It was Dyer, the bos'n's mate, hat held respectfully in his hand.

"There's paint spilled in the paint locker again, Dyer. I want to know who's responsible."

"Yes, sir," Dyer said. "I'll find out right away."

"Who did you put in charge of it?"

"One of the boots, sir—said he'd worked around paint before."

"I've told you to have some one there who knows how to stow paint. If the new boot can't take care of it, give it to one of the older men."

"Yes, sir."

"And I want that paint cleaned up today—this afternoon."

Dyer looked away. "A man can't breathe down there now, Mr. Walton. That place oughta be ventilated first."

"Teach him a lesson," Walton said.

"I was down there, Mr. Walton. That air's poison—"

Walton swore. "Will you get that cleaned up or do you want to see me do it?"

"I'll see that it's done, sir." Dyer backed out of the room, closing the door.

Walton rang for the mess boy. When he came in Walton said:

"Tell Ensign Gaylord I want him."

Gaylord was lying on his bunk when the mess boy came in.

"Lieutenant Walton want to see you, suh."

"Lord!" Gaylord said. "Now?"

"Yassuh."

"Tell him I'm asleep," Gaylord said. "If he wants to see me he can come himself."

"Yassuh." The boy went away.

Who the hell does he think he is? Gaylord said to himself. Who on this lousy ocean is Ralph Walton that he can send a man to fetch me? Half a stripe more than I have—and he sends for me.

The mess boy came inside the room again. "Mr. Walton say he want to see you right away."

"All right," Gaylord said. He continued to lie on his bunk, looking at the overhead. "Tell him I'll be in shortly."

"Yassuh." The boy went out.

Gaylord got up from the bunk and stood swaying in front of the mirror. He looked at his bloodshot eyes. "Take me out, coach," he said to the mirror. "I don't want to play this quarter." He turned and walked out of the room.

Walton was watching him as he entered. "When I sent for you, Gaylord, I wasn't interested in what you were doing at the moment."

"I guess not," Gaylord said. "I was trying to sleep."

"I know that."

Gaylord lighted a cigarette. "It's just as far from my room to yours as it is from your room to mine."

Walton hesitated. "I'm your superior," he said, "and I'm not unreasonable, if you don't forget that I rank you."

"I can't," Gaylord said. "You won't let me."

"Here's the list of compartments I want you to check," Walton said.

Gaylord looked at it. "You've just checked them, haven't you?"

"That doesn't make any difference. You do it now."

Gaylord got up with the list in his hand. He walked out without looking at Walton.

In the passageway he thought: The heel, making me do this when it doesn't need to be done. I need sleep now so that I can stand up on the bridge for four more hours and strain my eyes through the dark and try to stay awake so that if anything happens I'll do things right. He went down the ladder aft as the ship pitched, throwing him against the handrail.

When he had checked the compartments aft he stepped into the sleeping compartment. This one was empty. Most of the men were on watch.

He flashed his light above along the spidery transverse beams that supported the main deck. All sound. He undogged the door and walked forward into the next compartment. In the mess hall the tables were secured to the bulkhead so that there was room for fifteen or twenty men to swing their hammocks. There was only space for the hammocks that were there, and the men who slept in them were the only ones aboard ship who felt rested after they had turned in. If the hammock was strung fore and aft, when the ship pivoted around its long axis as it rolled, the man in the hammock felt little or no motion . . . he could forget about trying to stay off the deck and get to sleep that much quicker. When the ship pitched, you felt it a little more, but it was never like trying to stay in a bunk.

Under his feet the deck vibrated from the torque of the turbines below and he thought of the men standing down there in the heat and the glare from the fires, watching the pressure in the boilers and coughing from the oil fumes; wanting a breath of fresh air away from the steam and the fires and the spurting oil. But opening a fireroom hatch at night means a shaft of light while the hatch is open, so the firemen and water tenders and machinists stay below, and stand before the blowers, letting the hot rushing air suck the sweat from their bodies and the moisture from their lips, while the turbines turn faster as the ship lunges ahead through the sea and the night.

HE walked on through the mess hall and saw a light in the ship's office. One of the yeomen was sitting at a desk trying to type, but the sea rolled him back and forth, and he could only steady himself to punch the keys when the ship was in a trough.

"How's it going?" Gaylord asked.

The yeoman turned around, holding onto the desk so that his chair would not slide across the office. "Not very good, sir," he said. "Mr. Walton wants these typed up right away, and then the exec wants me to make out new liberty chits as soon as that's done."

"Everything watertight in there?"

"Yes, sir. We're all right."

O. K., he thought. Good. Another compartment to check off—one more with watertight integrity maintained in spite of the subs and the sea and the depth charges and the eighty-knot gales. The smell of stale food mixed with that of spilled coffee and old cigarette butts rolled through the mess hall.

He stopped outside the galley and looked in over the half-door. The cooks were chopping up stew beef on the cutting table and he could hear the crackle of the steam running through water in the steam pots.

"What've we got today?" he asked.

"Stew again," the first-class cook said. "I guess it'll be stew or spaghetti or beans every day until the hotplates get fixed up."

An electrician's mate was working with the wiring beneath one of the plates. "They're all burned out, sir," he said. "The transformer's shot."

"I know," Gaylord said. "I've been eating, too."

He could hear a man walking up to him from behind. When he turned he saw it was Dyer, the boatswain's mate. "I had to pull that kid out of the paint locker, Mr. Gaylord," Dyer said hurriedly.

"What kid?"

"The kid Mr. Walton had me send down to clean up the shellac that was spilled."

"How is he?" Gaylord asked.

"He's O. K. now—we got him laying by a blower where he can get some air."

"Fumes?"

"Yes, sir. . . . He was trying to clean the stuff up, and he says he started coughing and his eyes swole up, and I happened to go down there to see how he was comin' along and pulled him out."

"That's good," Gaylord said. "That's using your head. Is the locker dogged down now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have the men stay away from it until we can run a blower down there for a while. Tell the kid to knock off and turn in until he's feeling better."

"Aye, aye, sir." Dyer went down the ladder going forward.

Gaylord turned and walked into the wardroom. He did not speak to the chief, who was reading magazines on the transom. He walked directly down the passageway until he came to Walton's door. Walton was lying on his bunk reading. He looked up. "Have you—" he started to ask.

"No," Gaylord said coldly. "Dyer just had to pull that kid out of the paint locker—almost suffocated."

Walton sat up. "I didn't—"

"I know you told him to go down there before the air was decent, Walton." Gaylord turned and spoke over his shoulder: "If we had the same rank I'd be glad to tell you what kind of an officer you are." He crumpled up the check-off list in his hand and threw it on the bunk. "I'm not going ahead with the inspection," he said. "The ship's safe—you said so yourself." Gaylord walked out of the room and down the passageway to his own. He shut the door, and when he sat on his bunk lighting a cigarette he felt sick in the pit of his stomach and his hand shook.

WHEN the messenger knocked at the door of his room, Ensign Maxon did not answer. The messenger called twice and then went in. Ensign Maxon was sleeping on the bunk in a litter of papers and clothes and he had not taken off his overshoes. The heater and the light were on and there was sweat on his forehead.

"Mr. Maxon," the messenger said loudly. The officer's body rolled involuntarily with the ship—it seemed to pivot around his neck, but his eyes did not open. The messenger shook him until he woke.

"Whatta ya want?" he asked, closing his eyes again.

"I've got a message here, sir."

Maxon did not speak for a moment. Lord, how he wanted to go back to sleep! "What do I want with a message?" he asked, stalling until he could wake up completely and know what the man was talking about.

"It's for the commodore, sir. He wants you to break it down right away."

"All right," Maxon said.

He reached over and untied one of the built-in wardrobe drawers. They had to be tied shut so that the roll would not spill them on the deck. He fumbled around in the drawer until he found a fresh package of cigarettes. When he had lighted one he exhaled the dry smoke and rolled his tongue around his mouth. It tasted like hell. Always the perpetual hangover, he thought. Out here you never felt any other way. Your stomach was always bad, your mouth was coated from too much smoking, and your head felt as though it had been bounced around inside a cocktail shaker. There was no ventilation in the room and he noticed the unpleasant smell of his overheated body.

He kicked off his overshoes and put them inside the wastepaper basket lashed to the washstand base. Then he picked up the message from the bunk and went out of the room.

In a half hour he had broken it, and after locking the coding room again, he went up the ladder to the commodore's cabin. It was not an important message, but now that he had been wakened to do it, he would wake the commodore to tell him about it. He knocked at the cabin door. "Commodore," he said loudly. There was no response. He opened the door and switched on the light inside. "I've broken that message, commodore," he said. "Here it is."

The commodore woke with a start and shielded his eyes from the light. "Is it about our going on alone?"

"No, sir."

"The hell with it, then," the commodore said, lying back on his bunk again. "Don't wake me again unless the message is about that."

"Yes, sir." Maxon turned out the light and closed the cabin door behind him. There it was. Break out the ensigns and let the old codgers slumber on. O. K., commodore, he thought as he went down the ladder; sweet dreams, you old ——.

He turned out the light over his bunk and lay watching the copper reflector of the heater. He shifted his body so that he lay close to the bulkhead. The pound of the waves came through the thin metal as though it were a drumhead. He could hear his overcoat and his seldom-worn civilian clothes swish back and forth in the metal closet, the buttons making innumerable little vibrations as they scraped past. As soon as they got back he would box all of his clothes and send them home. Out here they wore themselves out swinging with the sea. He had found that out for himself when he saw the hole in the elbow of his gray flannel last summer in Newport. All of the way back from Iceland that time he had thought about wearing it at the Officers' Club . . . of sitting and drinking with young people, talking about the tennis matches at the Casino and who was drunk at the Dunes Club last night and how great the sun was this time of year lying on the beach feeling the sand warm your belly. . . .

"You awake, Will?" It was Gaylord.

"Yeah. Come on in," Maxon switched on the light and blinked at Gaylord as he opened the door.

"I thought you might be—the radio gang said you'd just been up there." He sat on the chair and braced his legs against the wardrobe drawers on the other side.

"How'd the watch go?"

"Quiet," he said. "Not a damn thing happened."

"Skipper on the bridge?"

"Nope—sleeping in the emergency cabin."

"All's well, then."

"The radio gang says there's another station around here some place," Gaylord said.

"What do you think it is?"

"Subs," Gaylord said, sucking slowly on his pipe. "What else could it be?" He lowered his collar.

"Pete, do you think that sub will trail us if we didn't get him today?"

Gaylord reached over and turned out the light. "Sure I do," he said, walking toward the door. "If you were the skipper of that sub, wouldn't you?"

THE Old Man came into the wardroom. He was surprised to see the chief seated on a transom, his arms folded, looking across the room.

"You ever going to shave that damn beard off?" the Old Man said.

"No," the chief said. "Not as long as I can tell the weather with it."

They sat there until the mess boy came in and brought the captain coffee. The chief raised one finger so that the boy could see it, and when he came back he brought him a cup of coffee.

"If the wind gets worse it's going to slow us down," the Old Man said.

"We can't go much slower and get there," the chief said. "The oil burns just as fast but we don't go so far."

"I've been thinking about that."

"If it blows hard enough, maybe it'll break up the convoy."

"I'd like that to happen. If it got that rough the subs couldn't do anything to them."

"Or to us," the chief said.

When they heard footsteps on the ladder they looked up and saw the commodore come into the wardroom. He was rubbing his hands vigorously.

"Commodore," the Old Man said, "I hope it blows hard enough so we can leave the convoy."

"Maybe it will," the commodore said. "I'll see how it looks in the morning and maybe we'll go in without them."

"That's better," the Old Man said. "I hope that's the way it is."

Maxon sat in the commodore's chair listening to the wind scream through the signal shrouds and the antenna aft of the bridge. Ice was forming on the ship, and he had been having the men work the doors that opened onto the wings of the bridge often enough to keep them from freezing shut.

"Quartermaster," he said to the black pilothouse, "have the lookouts come inside now."

"Yes, sir."

He did not like to be in the pilothouse, protected from the wind and the cold, when there were men who had to stand outside. Spray had frozen over the rubber deck matting so that you had to hold on to the metal windbreak to stand up at all.

He could hear the quartermaster push open the starboard door and shout out into the night. Both lookouts came inside and stood hugging themselves near the binnacle. One of them came to Maxon's side.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "This'll be better in here."

"Keep a sharp lookout," Maxon said. He could barely see the man two feet away.

"Yes, sir."

Maxon could hear them taking their positions inside the pilothouse. "How's the barometer, quartermaster?"

"Still going up, sir."

"Wind?"

"Steady, I think, sir."

"Very well," Maxon said.

HE fumbled through the thick mittens for his glasses. Might as well have a look, he thought. With one hand he raised the glasses to his eyes, holding on to a dog by the door with the other. Looking through the port he could see nothing except the automatic wiper going back and forth, pushing the spray aside. What the hell was that, way over to the left?

"Quartermaster," he called, "get some glasses and come over here."

"Aye, aye, sir." The quartermaster came over and stood beside him.

"Take a look over there," Maxon said, "over to the left—about where the middle of the convoy ought to be." Wish I could get a better look, he thought. If I go out on the wings I'll just get spray on the lens.

"Isn't that a light over there, sir?"

"That's what I thought," Maxon said. "Lookout, come over here."

"I see it too, sir," he said. "It's a steady green light in the middle of the convoy."

"You've got good eyes," Maxon said. "It must be a running light."

"It must be, sir," the quartermaster said.

"Go below and tell the commodore about it," Maxon said. "He'll want to know."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Keep your glasses on it, lookout. Let me know if it goes out."

"Yes, sir. I'm on it now."

Maxon touched the battle talker on the shoulder. "Tell control to train left and get a range on the green light," he said. "Relative bearing about two five O."

"Aye, aye, sir. Control, train left and pick up light on relative bearing two five O. What is the range?"

The sound of the men above in the control tower came to Maxon through the phones beside him. In a moment he heard the heavy steel director booth training out into the night. It ground sluggishly and then came to rest.

"Green light bearing two four three relative . . . range five two eight O," the talker said.

"Very good," Maxon said. "Tell them to keep on the light and let me know if the range closes."

"Aye, aye, sir," the talker said. He repeated the order.

Maxon heard the charthouse door open suddenly. He knew it must be the commodore.

"Where's the light?" the commodore shouted. "Is one of those ——s showing a light?"

"Yes, sir," Maxon said. He walked to the commodore. "Over to port, sir. Steady green light about five thousand yards away."

"Give me your glasses," the commodore said.

Maxon slipped them off. "It's just abaft the beam, sir."

The commodore walked to the port side and put the glasses to his eyes. "I'm a son of a sea cook!" he shouted. "That's a starboard running light!"

"Yes, sir," Maxon said.

"Signalman!" the commodore said loudly, "get on the light and blink him to turn off his running lights. This ocean looks like Times Square." He handed Maxon the glasses. "That imbecile ought to be sunk," he said. "Somebody ought to sink him right now, before a sub finds out what course we're on."

"Range steady on five two eight O," the talker said.

"That's well," Maxon said. "Have them keep on it."

He could see the signalman out on the wing of the bridge blinking his signal light at the relentless green light. There was no answering blink.

"Do they answer?" the commodore shouted.

"No, sir—can't raise them yet."

"Maxon," the commodore said, "have a man break out the skipper . . . tell him I'm on the bridge."

"Yes, sir." Maxon turned to the quartermaster. "The captain's in the emergency cabin," he said; "tell him the commodore would like to see him on the bridge."

THE commodore opened the door and went out on the wing of the bridge. Maxon could see him standing beside the signalman. He'll never get them now, Maxon thought; not with the commodore standing beside him telling him how to do it. He'll be so nervous he'll forget all his code.

The door to the charthouse opened behind Maxon. "What's happened?" the Old Man asked.

"One of the ships is showing its starboard running light," Maxon said.

The Old Man jammed his cap down on his head and looked over at the convoy.

"Which one?" he asked.

"About the middle," Maxon said. He handed the Old Man his glasses. "Just abaft the beam."

The commodore came back into the pilothouse. "Well, Bert, what are we going to do about this fellow?"

"Maybe we can signal the convoy officer," the Old Man said.

"Hell, no. If he can't see our signals he can't see anybody's."

"That's right," the Old Man said. "How about cutting into the convoy and coming alongside him?"

"Not while *I'm* aboard," the commodore said. "The hell with getting rammed out here on account of one dumb nitwit."

"We can signal him with our big carbon arc."

"I've got a better idea. We'll shine the searchlight on him until he shuts off that light."

"Maxon," the Old Man said, "have the thirty-six-inch searchlight manned. You go up yourself to see that it's done right. I relieve you."

"Aye, aye, sir," Maxon said. "Come along with me, quartermaster."

As soon as he got on the wing he could feel the cold bite into him. "Knock off," he told the signalman, tapping him on the shoulder. "Lay up to the thirty-six." He walked ahead of the other two men and climbed up to the searchlight deck. There was nothing to break the wind up there, but the spray was not coming up high enough to bother them. The men unfastened the tarpaulin that protected the big light. They were working by touch, Maxon knew. He could hear the scraping of the electrodes as they were being adjusted. They sputtered harshly and Maxon knew that the arc had formed.

"All set, Mr. Maxon," the signalman said.

"All right. Stand by and I'll give you the word." He leaned over the railing and shouted down: "Ready above."

"Train it on that idiot's water line," the commodore's voice came up over the wind. "Have a care you don't shine it on their bridge and blind them."

The quartermaster stood at one side of the light squinting down the sight at the distant green spark. "I'm on it, sir," he said.

"Good," Maxon said. "When you open the shutters, just flick them at first until you find the right ship. Then bring it up."

The ray shot out into the night. It blinded Maxon and he turned away, looking out into the darkness two miles away. At the end of the beam he could see the ship rising and falling, and the low fog drifting through the white-purple of the beam. He felt the signalman move his arm quickly and the ray seemed to disappear into the reflector the way a stretched rubber band snaps back when you cut it.

"That's got it," one of the men said.

"Good," the commodore shouted up, "right on the button. Put it on again."

The shutters clicked open, and there was the little black ship again at the end of the blue finger. As the ship rolled under them, the men swung the light up and down on her bearings, keeping the beam always the same.

Maxon kept his eyes on the green dot above the beam of the searchlight. Suddenly it was gone and he watched the blackness where it had been for a moment without realizing that it was what he had been waiting for.

"Close shutters," he told the signalman. The light flashed off and the long pillar of light vanished.

"That's enough," the commodore shouted. "He finally woke up."

"All right," Maxon said. "Secure the light and go below." He slipped once on the ice, walking forward to the pilothouse door, but he put out his arm and held the windbreak until he had his balance again.

Inside he could hear the commodore talking to the Old Man.

"That was what I figured, Bert," the commodore said. "If there was a sub out there this was a good time to find out. That —— —— ship would have a fish in her now—and serve her right, too. A lot better to lose that one tonight then let him go on with his lights burning until the subs found out our course and speed, hey?"

"Well, it's O. K. now," the Old Man said. "Maxon, you can take over."

"Aye, aye, sir," Maxon said. He got up into the high seat of the chair and took his mittens off. As he blew on his hands and rubbed them together he looked over his shoulder where the light had been.

I never thought about it that way, he said to himself. The commodore figured it out in a minute and I never thought about it that way at all.

GAYLORD closed the door and, sitting on the bunk, pulled his shoes out of the wastepaper basket and put them on. Then he rinsed his face with a washcloth and brushed his fingers over his chin. The hell with shaving. Maybe he'd have to stand out on the wings for the whole watch with the wind beating against his face. The stubble was protection.

His heavy blue flannel shirt was wrinkled, but he smoothed out the collar tabs and put a tie around his neck. That's the style this season, he thought, black ties and blue flannel shirts that were never washed.

When he was in the wardroom he sat reading the mimeographed news flashes until the boy brought him a chunk of cold corned beef and some soda crackers. He was looking for a cigarette when he heard a thud on the deck up forward and then the cry of a man in pain. He got up quickly and walked up the passageway until he could hear a man moaning in the handling room below the gun. When he had opened the heavy door he saw the gun crew standing and kneeling around one of the gunner's mates who lay on the deck, his face white with pain. He saw a shell on the deck beside the man, the nose of it bloody, and he saw that the man's foot had been smashed.

"Get out the morphine," he said quickly. "Give this man a shot."

One of the men pulled down the swaying first-aid bag and got out one of the tubes of morphine paste. The man's eyes rolled around and he held his leg tightly. The upper had been torn from his shoe and Gaylord could see the white bones through the weltering blood.

"For God's sake get some gauze," he said. "Get some gauze or cotton and one of you go like hell for the pharmacist's mate."

THEY covered the foot with gauze pads that reddened with blood, and the gunner eased the tourniquet and stood up. "That's all I can do till doc gets here, Charley," he said. "How's it feel?"

"Better," Charley said, swallowing hard. The cords of his neck stood out. The morphine was beginning to work.

"The doc'll be here in a minute, Charley," Gaylord said. "He'll fix you up."

"It don't hurt so much now," the man said. He lay back on the deck, and the spray from the deck above sifted down through the hatch and wet his face.

"How'd it happen?" Gaylord asked. "What was going on in here?"

"We were having a drill, Mr. Gaylord," the gunner said. "Charley here was passing a shell over to the hoist and the ship rolled when he let go of it and it went down on his foot."

Gaylord looked at the shell rolling on the deck. Its fuse cap was bloody. "Secure that shell," he said.

The pharmacist's mate came into the handling room. His first-aid kit was slung over his white skivvy shirt. "All right, Charley," he said, kneeling down. "Think you need more morphine?"

"Maybe later. It's O. K. now."

"I'm going to cut your shoe off."

"I can afford it," Charley said, raising his body from the hips up, "but I shoulda known this damn can would roll just when I wasn't expecting it."

"That's right," one man said, "that's what done it."

Gaylord watched the hospital corpsman throw away the blood-soaked gauzes and cut through the heavy shoe leather with a scalpel. The blood began to flow again, and when the shoe was off, the pharmacist's mate straddled the leg so that Charley could not see him when he looked at the mangled toes with his flashlight.

"This'll be O. K.," he said. "Hand me some more packs."

"I'll be all right," Charley said, turning as they lifted him through the door. "Thanks, doc."

Gaylord walked through the door and into the passageway. "How's it look, doc?" he asked.

"You can't tell," the pharmacist's mate said. "It was all mashed together when I saw it. I'll know in a coupla days."

"Is there a chance he'll lose his foot?"

"There's always that chance, Mr. Gaylord. A doctor could tell you better than I can. We oughta get him to a doctor soon as we can."

"We'll be in pretty soon," Gaylord said. "You let me know if he needs anything."

Gaylord went into the wardroom. As he started to sit down again, he saw the quartermaster come down the ladder.

"Time for your watch, sir."

"All right," Gaylord said. "I'm coming." He got up again and went back to his room for his winter clothes. When he opened the door he saw his sheepskin sliding back and forth over the deck. He picked it up and put it over his pillow and, sitting on the bunk, began to pull on his overshoes.

THE port lookout came inside. "I can't see the convoy any longer, Mr. Maxon," he said. "It's too dark out there to see anything now."

"Very well," Maxon said. "Keep looking, and if you think you hear a ship close to us out there, shout like hell."

"Aye, aye, sir." The lookout stepped out onto the wing again.

"It's a quarter after, sir," the quartermaster said. "Is Mr. Walton your relief?"

"No," Maxon said. "We're dogging the watch tonight. Mr. Gaylord will relieve me."

"Yes, sir," the quartermaster said. "Shall I call him at half past?"

"Yes," Maxon said. He hoped Gaylord was getting some sleep. Now that they could no longer see the other ships, every minute of every watch would count. When it was dark you had to use your ears more than your eyes, and when your watch was over it seemed as though you had not done anything at all and maybe you would be called back to do it over again.

"How's the weather?" Maxon asked. "What's the barometer doing?"

"It's up a little, sir."

"That's better," Maxon said; "maybe it'll clear up later."

The charthouse door opened and some one came in.

"Will?" It was Gaylord. "Lord, it's black," he said, "or maybe I've gone blind."

"You'll have fun," Maxon said. "I'm damn glad I'm almost through."

"How's the convoy?"

"They're all right," Maxon said. "The tanker abeam had steering-engine trouble and snapped at us a couple of times, but I got us out of the way."

There was no sound on the bridge except the swish of spray on the forecastle below. Maxon stood with his hand on the back of the chair, looking into the darkness beyond, and then he heard the quartermaster coming over to him.

"It's a quarter of," the man said.

"Thank you," Maxon said. He began removing his binoculars, and when he started to give them to Gaylord he saw that he was standing close to the forward bulkhead of the bridge, looking through a port at the blackness ahead.

"It's your turn, Pete," he said. He walked over to him.

"Yeah," Gaylord said. "It's my turn for a while and then Walton's and then yours again."

He took the binoculars and put them around his neck. "I want to bring the ship in, Will," he said. "If we could get in any quicker that way I'd like to stay on watch until it was over."

"I've felt that way about it," Maxon said, "but you can't fight the whole war yourself."

"Maybe not," Gaylord said, "but I guess we all like to try. I relieve you, Will."

"Thanks." Maxon turned to go.

"My watch," Gaylord said. "It's my watch from now on and not even a damned star to guide me. . . ."

"What's that ship?" the commodore asked loudly in the dark pilothouse. "What's he doing out here?"

Gaylord could see him standing back of the helmsman trying to see his way around. "He's just identified himself," Gaylord said. "He's British."

"Where is he now?" the commodore asked. "How did you spot him?"

"He's off to starboard, sir; about twenty-five hundred yards. One of the lookouts saw him trying to signal us."

"Maybe he came out to meet us," the commodore said. "A hell of a lousy reception. Tell him to fall in astern and keep an eye out for signals from us."

The quartermaster went out on the wing of the bridge and told the signalman who was blinking at the corvette.

"How long's it been clear?" the commodore asked.

"About a quarter of an hour, sir," Gaylord said. "We ran out of the fog and then the stars came out."

"Does the navigator know?"

"Yes, sir. I tried to call him, but he wasn't in his cabin. The messenger's down there now."

"Good," the commodore said. "It's been a hell of a time since I knew where we were."

The signalman came into the pilothouse. "That corvette acknowledges, sir. She's been looking for us for five days."

Gaylord saw the executive officer come out on the wing with his sextant. The quartermaster followed him, notebook in hand.

"There's a bright one, sir," the quartermaster said.

"What is it?" Pratt asked.

"Aldebaran, sir—right above us."

Pratt sighted through the night scope and adjusted the vernier. "Mark!" he said. "That was a good sight."

"There's a good horizon tonight," the commodore said. "It's light as the devil. You ought to be able to get a good position."

"We'll take Markab next," the exec said. "Stand by."

Gaylord watched the convoy plodding along over to port. The ships looked like a herd of elephants swimming ponderously through the waves that bore them up and down. The corvette was almost abeam, heading down the flank to take up its position astern.

The way the sky was changing over them was as though they were looking up into the end of a tremendous gray feather duster with the feathers moving slowly and changing shape, swaying in an easy breeze.

"Northern lights tonight," the commodore said.

Around them the lights were fringing the horizon like a silver hula skirt, the waist ending in a perfect circle a few degrees below the zenith. In the new light the stars were indistinct. Gaylord could see only a few of the brightest.

He heard the commodore leave the bridge and then he turned to the quartermaster. "Have the lookouts on their toes," he said. "It's light enough to see a sub on the surface."

He walked forward on the wing, and stepped up on the base of the pelorus stand. Overhead the dark grays changed to silver and the silver to blue and the stars came out and were hidden as the sudden feathers of light darted from west to east above them.

GAYLORD eased himself back in the chair and swung it around so that he could see the rear of the convoy.

"Mr. Gaylord," the quartermaster said, "the after lookout says he can just make out that corvette."

"Good," Gaylord said. "Tell him to let me know if it gets off the course."

"Yes, sir."

A few minutes later the quartermaster said, "Mr. Gaylord, the lookout reports one of the ships veering out of column."

"Very well," Gaylord said. "I'll have a look." He got down from the seat. Through the binoculars he could see one of the rear ships heading out of its station into the interval of sea that separated its column from the next.

"He's dropping behind, sir," the signalman said. "Not showing any lights and it's too dark to make out his bunting."

The ship had nosed out into the clear sea between the two columns, and the convoy was moving ahead of it rapidly. The sea had caught the ship in its trough and was pushing it up and down listlessly.

"I guess he don't want to show no lights, sir," the signalman said. "Do you want me to blink him?"

"No," Gaylord said. "Have a messenger tell the commodore."

If it drops behind there's nothing I can do, Gaylord said to himself. It's not my fault she's at the end of her string over there, with no one to help her in the dark with the subs around us.

"Ain't they gonna do nothin'?" the signalman asked. "Can't they pass her a line and tow her in?"

"No," Gaylord said. "They've got to keep going while they can. They can't stop or they'd never be able to catch up with us."

"Gosh," the signalman said. "Are they just gonna leave her sittin' there until the subs get her?"

"Yes," Gaylord said angrily. "What else can they do?"

"I dunno," the signalman said. "I thought they had somethin' figgered out when that happened."

"Lookout reports ship out of sight," the quartermaster said.

"Log the time, quartermaster."

"Yes, sir," the quartermaster said. He went over to the log desk.

"Helmsman," Gaylord said, "steady on the base course."

"I'M ready to relieve you," Walton said. "I'll be over this night blindness in just a minute."

"It's not as light as it was," Gaylord said. "The fog may be coming down again." He went out on the wing and looked above. The shafts of moving light that had been distinct before were blurred now and the whole sky was darker.

"Can you see all right now?" he asked.

"Yes. I'm O. K."

"You can see the convoy. Just as before. The corvette's astern, holding the course. Don't blink her unless the commodore orders it."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. We've lost a ship. One of the merchantmen veered out of the third column and she's dead in the water about six miles astern."

"Only one ship," Walton said. "That's not very bad."

"It's bad for them."

"They're taking their chances," Walton said. "They must have known it would happen some time."

"The night order book's over there. I'm going to turn in."

"Very well," Walton said. "I relieve you."

They saluted and Gaylord handed Walton the binoculars. "I'm tired, lieutenant," he said. "If you want me you can phone me." He turned and walked back toward the charthouse door.

GAYLORD looked into the passageway and saw the light from the chief engineer's room slanted across the deck. Sleeping with his clothes on, he thought; lying there with the lights burning. All he needs is a fly on the end of his nose to make him look like a corpse, Gaylord thought.

The sound of waves sloshing over the ship was gone. Usually you could hear them smash against the gun mounts even down in the wardroom. Maybe the calm will hold until we get in, he thought. We'll use less oil fighting the waves and get in quicker. They must have cows over here. There must be some way to get milk or ice cream or tomato juice or a fried hamburger with onions—

The sound of the general-alarm klaxon jerked him upright and he opened his eyes wide, hardly believing the rasping noise that pulsed into his brain, driving out all thought. He stood up quickly and put his helmet on his head. When he started for the ladder, the chief engineer ran past him and threw open the door to the galley passageway. The door slammed shut, and then he turned and went up the ladder two steps at a time because the ship was not rolling badly enough to slow him, and when he got to the radio shack the men were already outside, closing the watertight doors, and the noise of voices rose above the klaxon, and going up the next ladder he could hear the doors and hatches clang shut and the men talking quickly while they secured the ship for battle.

At the top of the ladder there were no lights, and Gaylord knew that they had been turned off all over the ship except for the blue battle lights that would not show out over the water, and he opened the door to the wing of the bridge with a quick burst of strength that came to him because he knew what he had to do, and the Old Man's voice rang out over the dark bridge above the steady grating of the alarm, and Gaylord knew that now everything was in the skipper's hands.

Outside, on the rubber matting of the wing, he lurched blindly along, feeling the guard rail with his fingers, forcing his way past the men who were crowding there getting to their machine guns and torpedo stations. Still night-blind from the lights of the wardroom, he felt his way going up the ladder, and when his right hand felt for a rung that was not there, he sprang up the rest of the way to the deck and hurled himself toward the door at the base of the director. The gears were clashing in the hollowness of the tower, and when he closed and

dogged the door behind him the echo was that of a slab shutting an empty tomb.

"Open the hatch!" he shouted, and the sound of his own voice made his eardrums ring.

The hatch clanged open above him and he went up the last ladder, twisting his shoulders, compressing himself into the small space that he had to climb through. His head struck the sharp corner of a gear box and he felt the sudden pain and the tearing of his helmet, but he jerked his head aside and forced his body up the rest of the way, forgetting the slight pain as he did it. I'm almost there, he thought. I just want to get set for whatever happens, and then they can blow me to hell if they want to.

He felt for his phones in the darkness, and looking around the cramped director, he watched the still, intense faces of the men who were already in action, and impatiently he crushed down the earphones over his helmet and turned to the pointer beside him and said: "What is it? What have we got out there?"

"There's a burning ship astern of us, sir. Range twenty thousand yards."

"Good Lord!" he said. "It's that merchantman." Then he pressed the button on top of the round speaking box, and with his lips next to the cold Bakelite he said: "Control calling bridge. *Control testing!*"

"ALL right, Pratt," the Old Man said. "Turn that damn alarm off. It's been running long enough."

The exec walked over to the bulkhead and pulled the switch out. The harsh burr of the alarm ended sharply.

"Thank God that's off," the commodore said. He picked up his binoculars and stepped out on the wing of the bridge. "She's burning like hell," he said. "Must have grain in her hold. . . . We'll sit tight here and see what happens. That sub will probably try for the corvette next."

"Pratt," the Old Man said, "stick with the sound operator. Make damn sure he's sweeping the whole area. If that sub's coming toward us I want to know it."

"There's only two of us to shield those ships," the commodore said. "Have the radioman stand by on the distress frequency. We won't open up unless we're hit."

"If that sub has guts enough to surface I want the guns to sink him with the first salvo," the commodore said. "We'll only get one chance."

Through the check sight Gaylord could see the ship burning brightly in the distance. The flames were so high that they reached above the sphere of his vision when the horizontal cross-hair bisected the ship. The image moved to the left, out of the field of vision, but the trainer quickly moved the sight on again, and Gaylord knew that they were beginning to zigzag.

"We'll cover ninety degrees in a sweep," he told the men. "Forty-five degrees on either side of the ship. If anything comes up we'll see it."

"Can't they do nothin' about the men? I can see them floatin' around on rafts."

"Not till we get that sub," Gaylord said. "Too easy to get us in that light back there. We'd have to stop to pick them up. The sub's waiting to see if we'll go back."

"Maybe there's more than one of them, sir," the pointer said. "There might be a pack out here."

"There might," Gaylord said. "There's only one way to find out."

"It's the waiting I hate," the trainer said. "I hate to sit here and look out of this damn sight and wait. Why don't that sub come up where we can get him?"

The flames seemed to be lower on the ship, as though they were a fiery cloud, settling on it gradually.

I can't feel the horror of it, Gaylord told himself. Men are burning to death on the sea and I feel the same as I always do when I'm up here.

They trained to the left of the flaming target and the glare lessened again as they swept farther away from the source.

"There it is! Aw, hell!" the range-finder operator shouted disgustedly.

"What is it?" Gaylord asked quickly, straining his eyes to see farther across the sea.

"Nothin'—I guess. I thought I saw a periscope movin' over there a little ways, just at the edge of the light."

"Periscopes!" the pointer said. "You're always seeing periscopes."

Gaylord drew back from the rubber eyepiece and rubbed the sweat away from his eyes. "Maybe you did," he said. "We'll cover that spot again." He felt for his tin hat, hung up on the bulkhead beside him. When he had adjusted the strap under his chin he put his eye to the sight again and watched the surface of the ocean while they trained from side to side and the ship burned on the water ten miles away.

MAXON stood in the charthouse, leaning against the navigator's table and fingering the stop watch in his left hand. The exec was standing beside the sound operator, wearing phones on his head, with his sheepskin thrown over his pajamas.

Maxon turned away and looked at the chronometer on the bulkhead. Its steady tick seemed louder in the little compartment than he had ever heard it before. Tick away, you jerk, he thought. Creep along while the ship behind us burns and men die in the water and the sub that got them watches all of us and picks out the next one.

"Can't we go back and try to get the sub?" he asked.

"No," Pratt said. "We haven't got enough oil."

"Couldn't we take that chance?"

"Lord no!" Pratt said. "The convoy's got a better chance to get through if we stay here."

We've got to get them through, Maxon thought. We've been with them too many days to have them destroyed now. I've watched them and heard them and felt them even while I slept, and now that it's come they've got to be saved.

"Maybe the sub's lying on the bottom, sir," the sound operator said. "Maybe he dived and cut his motors. I can't hear anything."

"He's around somewhere," Maxon said. "He's thinking about us. If he knows there's only us and the corvette, he'll be back."

The compartment went black again as the door clicked open. When the lights went on again, Maxon saw that Pratt had on his clothes. He took off the phones and gave them to the exec.

"You'd better get some clothes on," the exec said. "We may be here the rest of the night."

"I won't be long," Maxon said. "I'll just get on some socks and some trousers."

"Might as well bring up your life jacket," the exec said. "Keep you warm."

"Where's yours?" Maxon asked. He walked toward the door.

"The hell with it," Pratt said. "They get in the way."

"If we get in the water tonight," Maxon said, "we won't need them." He opened the door and stepped on the platform at the head of the ladder. The compartment went dark behind him.

THE Old Man turned to the battle talker. "Pass the word to all gun captains to check their first-aid kits. If anything's missing the pharmacist's mate will take down whatever they need."

"I just checked them the other day, sir," the pharmacist's mate said in the darkness. "They're all O. K. now."

"Won't hurt to have them look," the Old Man said. "It'll give them something to think about while they're waiting."

"I don't like this damn waiting, Bert," the commodore said. "But I can wait all night for that Hun to come up. I got plenty of time to wait for that ——."

"Can't we signal the corvette to do something?" the Old Man asked.

"No," the commodore said. "If we start to move around, that —— underneath us can pick any spot he wants for his next shot. I'm damned if I'll let him have his choice for a second time."

"It's time to change course, captain," the quartermaster said. "Time to swing to the outward leg."

"Very well," the Old Man said. "Right fifteen degrees rudder."

"Lord, Bert," the commodore said, "I'd give ten years of my life to get that ——!"

The Old Man went out on the wing and looked aft at the glow on the horizon. His binoculars hung at the end of their strap, swaying with the easy roll of the ship.

"MR. GAYLORD," the range-finder operator said, "I can't make out those rafts in the water no more and the fire's just about down to the ship's water line."

"Very well," Gaylord said. "Continue searching the area." He pressed the button on his speaking box. "Bridge," he said. "We're too far away to see the rafts any more. Looks like that ship's just about gone." He rested his hands on his knees while he looked through the sight at the barren surface away from the flames.

"Them corvettes take an awful beatin', don't they, sir?"

"Yes," Gaylord said. "There's nothing worse."

"Them limeys is good sailors," the pointer said. "They can't drink much, but they can sail like hell."

"They're good seamen," Gaylord said. "The Germans have good ships, but the ocean frightens them."

"Well," the trainer said, "it frightens me sometimes."

"You do your job, anyway," Gaylord said. "That's what makes a ship good. The jobs get done no matter what happens."

"I don't see nothin' any more, sir," the range-finder man said. "My eyes is just about ready to drop out."

"Let your relief take it until you're rested," Gaylord said. "Sit down and take it easy."

"Thanks, Mr. Gaylord. C'm'on, Mike, you know how to work this damn tube better'n I do."

"You're a hell of a guy," the relief man said. "I seen you help Charley with his busted foot up to the gun. You shouldn't never of let him get out of his sack."

"Hell," the trainer said, "he woulda crawled up there by himself if I didn't give him a hand."

"You shoulda told an officer and had him make Charley get back in his bunk."

"I couldn't do nothin' with him," the trainer said. "I tell ya he was already hoppin' along, holdin' on to stanchions, when I seen him. He woulda hurt himself if I didn't help him along."

"He can't do no good at the gun," the relief operator said. "He was better off in his sack."

The trainer exploded. "Charley wanted to be with his buddies," he said, "and I give him a hand to get there. I couldn't do nothin' else."

"No," Gaylord said. "Charley has a right to be there."

DOWN in the plotting room Walton sat beside the range keepers. He lifted up the phone that had been pinching his ear, slid it back again, and lighted a cigarette.

"I wish I knew what was happening," one of the men said. "I wouldn't mind this waiting if I could see what was going on."

"Here's a stick of gum," the chief fire-control man said. "Chew it hard and you'll feel better."

"Don't dope off, now," Walton said. "I don't mind you men talking or smoking, but I want you to stay alert."

"Yes, sir," the chief said. "Soon as we get the word we'll crank the set-up right in. Rakowsky, ask control where the wind's comin' from."

"I've already asked them," Walton said. "It's north-northeast at thirty-five knots."

"It's calming down, then," the chief said. "I've been in the navy twenty-three years and this is the night I've been waiting for. If that sub don't surface and give us a shot at him I'll turn in my suit."

"How's the power?" Walton asked the electrician.

"It's up to capacity, sir," the electrician said. "If the dynamo shorts I can cut the batteries in right away."

"That's all you have to do," Walton said. "If the lights go out, throw in the batteries."

"Mr. Walton," the chief said, "I'll bet there's only one sub out there."

"What makes you think so?"

"Last time we was in I was talking with an old shipmate. He said those packs work that way. They like to have plenty of light. There's only one stray sub out there, or there'd have been more torpedoing by now."

The air was hot and foul in the compartment. Walton could smell the sweat of the men near him, and feel the moisture that wet his shirt under the armpits. He looked at his Academy ring and slid it on and off his finger. It came off easily over the sweat of his hands.

"It's mighty hot here with the ventilators off," the electrician said. "Maybe I could open the door into the passageway for a minute."

"Hell, no," Walton said. "When the Kearny got hit she was closed up tight inside. That's how she got through. The longer a ship can stay afloat, the longer she can use her guns."

"I wish we'd use ours," the chief said. He took off his cap and wiped the sweatband dry. "I've been waiting twenty-three years for tonight."

"I guess it ain't so hot down here," the electrician said. "Hell, I can always take off my shirt."

MAXON walked by the commodore and went over to the port side. He could hardly see the glow any more. He wondered what the men were thinking about, standing at their battle stations in the dark pilothouse. If I had a family I guess I'd think about them now, he told himself; but there's only myself and I. I wish to hell something would happen so that we could go ahead and do the job and forget about being halfway between life and death. Maybe this is the night my whole

life's been lived for. Perhaps this is the hour and the place that I was always intended for when I was born. There are a lot of things I never did that I thought I'd do some day, like seeing the Grand Canyon or marrying Joan Bennett or being a champion swimmer or having a valet or skiing in Switzerland or having headwaiters know me or leading a dance band or owning race horses, but I never did them, and the things I did that seemed important then, I can't remember now when I want to think about them.

Looking over at the ships through the open door, he saw flames shoot up from the middle of the convoy and heard and felt the terrible blast at the same time, and he stood there watching the flames shoot higher and higher when the concussion was over and the light spreading over all of them until flames and a blast hurtled out from another ship that was beside the one already burning and the noise was so loud that he could feel his eardrums bend in from the detonation and he heard the commodore shouting near him and the quartermaster pushed him aside and reached up to the overhead and pulled the whistle handle twice long and hard, and the *WHooooooooP WHooooooooP* screaming high above him into the darkness like the shriek of a thousand noon whistles made him put his hands over his ears until the echo died away over the water and then the other ships beyond them took it up and it was like the howling of tortured animals while he stood there and watched the flames reach up into the sky and saw the burning oil spurt out over the sea.

"My God, my God!" the quartermaster said. "They're all around us."

"No, you fool!" the commodore shouted. "There's only one and we've got him now."

THE door behind Maxon slammed open and Pratt came in.

"Contact on the port quarter!" he said. "Range three thousand yards."

"All right," the commodore said. "We'll circle behind and begin the barrage."

"All engines ahead full," the captain said. "Right full rudder."

The ship throbbed and the bow dipped under once as the ship heeled and began to turn. They turned away from the burning ships and, looking across the red water at them, Maxon saw that they had begun to scatter like a huge fan opening up, each ship steering its separate course, so that they would radiate away from the center of the attack like a monstrous spider web.

"Keep up the ranges and bearings, Pratt!" the captain shouted. "We'll start to track that —— when you've got three more."

The pilothouse was lighted as though there were carbon arc lamps shining into it, and the flames, still shooting and licking into the sky, patterned each man in the pilothouse into a separate statue outlined by a blur of red from head to waist, and the roar from the fuel-fed flames surrounded them, and even where they were, turning away from the burning ships and accelerating to battle speed, the air that drove through the pilothouse could not force out the surges of heat that fanned inside when the flames pushed across the water toward them.

"Turn her tight, Bert," the commodore said. "Make her sit up on her screws. We got to get back there before he dives for good."

"She's turning as fast as she can," the captain said. "We'll be up to twenty knots in a couple more minutes."

The commodore clenched his hands. "Speed!" he said. "Good Lord, how we need speed now to get that dirty rotten Hun before he turns tail!"

Pratt came into the pilothouse. "Fifteen hundred yards, captain," he said, and Maxon could see him smile, holding on to the doorframe while the ship rolled and leaned over on her side.

"Speed thirteen knots," the quartermaster said.

"We're getting there," the captain said.

The light inside the pilothouse was growing less brilliant as the convoy bore on the quarter. When it was astern, hardly any light would reach inside to illuminate them.

"The sub's turning, captain," the sound man shouted. "She's heading away from the convoy."

"So are we," the commodore said grimly. "We're heading just the way the sub didn't think we'd go."

"Range twelve hundred yards," Pratt shouted from inside the charthouse.

"Speed fifteen knots," the quartermaster said. He stood beside the revolution indicator. The twin engine-telegraph horns were bent all the way forward.

"Flank speed," the captain ordered. "Put those horns ahead."

"We'll sit right on top of her when we kick the ash cans off," the commodore said. "No chance is too much now."

"One thousand yards!" Pratt shouted.

Close, Maxon thought. Oh, to get close to him before he stops his screws or gets off another torpedo or dives to the bottom where we can't reach him!

"How does he bear, Pratt?" the Old Man asked, and Maxon wondered at the steadiness of his voice.

"Starboard bow!" Pratt shouted. "Sub's taken straight course. We'll be ready in a minute."

"Are we all set?" the captain asked. "Charge racks, Y-gun, tubes, main battery?"

"Yes, sir," the battle talker said. "All stations reported manned and ready."

Maxon turned and felt his way back into the dark charthouse. There was only the light from the dials in front of the two men. The connecting door was open and the overhead lights were automatically blacked out. He felt for the little chamois bag and found the stopwatch. The sound of the burning ships still came across the water, but they were burning quietly now that the first explosions were over. The convoy was dead astern of them now and Maxon stood listening to the tick of his watch, seeing the luminous hand go around the radium dial while quietness crept over the ship, and he could almost hear his heart pounding, and perspiration ran down the side of his face and a little drop fell on the

watch crystal, blurring the numbers, making the little hand look like a huge broken green finger that pointed around jerkily, until he brushed off the moisture against his fur collar and stood watching the bright white light that came from the range indicator.

"Eight hundred yards, captain!" Pratt shouted. He took off his phones and let them hang from the box. "Let's go, Maxon," he said. "When I pull that release, all hell's going to break loose down below."

"I'm all set," Maxon said. He felt himself grow steady. When word came from the captain, he would time the interval between the release of charges. That way, moving at a steady speed, they could drop a pattern that nothing could live through. If they dropped the charges too close, they might blow off their stern.

"Five hundred yards, captain!" the sound man shouted.

"How does she bear?"

"Dead ahead, sir."

"Speed twenty knots, captain," the quartermaster said.

"Very well," the Old Man said. "Prepare to lay the barrage."

"ALL guns reported loaded, Mr. Gaylord," the trainer said.

"That's well," Gaylord said. His phones were on the plot circuit. "Walton," he said, "if we fire we'll use salvo fire. I'll press the firing key up here and relay the spotting to you by phone. I won't have time to find the knob when we get started."

"Take it easy," Walton said through the phones. "We haven't even laid the barrage yet."

"We're just about to," Gaylord told him. "Last range was five hundred."

"The hell with him," the pointer said fiercely. "I hope we're right over him when we let go. That'll be a boatful of Nazis that don't get back."

Gaylord stood up and squeezed himself through the open hatch. The burning ships were astern of them and the convoy had split and spread over the surface of the sea for miles like a scattered fleet of toy boats in a pond.

"Better close that hatch, sir," he heard the pointer say. "You're better off down here if we get hit."

Gaylord withdrew into the director and dogged the hatch after him. That's right, he thought. We're heading for the danger that we had to run from before, but now that we're moving the right way it's better, and I hope he comes to the surface instead of just being crushed down there below so that he can see what killed him and I can close the key with the index finger of my right hand just like it was a shotgun trigger.

Wham! He felt the first charges explode, and in the shock he gripped the firing key hard and felt the vibration rattle along the keel as the detonation swept forward from beneath.

"Cripes," the range-finder operator said, "we was right on top of that one."

"The closer the better," the trainer said. "I'd like to ram him if I had my way."

Now it's started, Gaylord thought. Really started, after all the false starts before.

"Them two ships is just floatin' around," the range-finder man said. "I can see them knockin' against each other over there with nobody on them to keep them apart."

"Hell," the trainer said, "You'd be the first one in the water."

Gaylord looked through his sight. They had stopped turning and were on a straight course. The burning ships were so close together they looked like one huge pyre and he could see the rafts moving slowly away from the burning oil that sent up rolls of smoke into the sky beyond the sphere of his sight.

The next explosions jolted his head against the rubber eyepiece and he could feel the skin stretching across his forehead as the rubber flattened out under the sudden pressure.

"I can't hardly hear no more," the trainer said. "I'm damn near deaf already."

"You don't have to hear," the pointer said. "All you have to do is keep on the target when that sub comes up."

"I'll do it," the trainer said. "But my ears is ringin' like weddin' bells."

Gaylord switched his phones to the bridge circuit. He could picture Maxon standing by the charthouse door shouting the word to the exec when the stop watch was at the right second.

"The convoy's disappeared," the range-finder man said. "There's only two or three of them I can see."

"They'll get in just the same," the trainer said. "A sub couldn't make a killing worth while with them scattered all over the sea like that."

"Let go!"

The words came up over his phones and Gaylord heard the dull boom of the Y-gun on the stern.

The explosions came together, not as close to the ship as the others, but he could feel the ship rise, stern first, and then as she plunged, bow downward, a flick of spray spattered the front of the director.

"There's one over us," the pointer said.

"What the hell," the trainer said, "we're doin' twenty knots. It don't take much to lift one over when we're goin' that fast."

"I want to get this one," the pointer said. "I want to get my sights on this —— — — —— before he sinks."

"Let go!"

The roar astern again as the Y-gun pushed out the charges and the arbors that were like pistons. Only a couple more, Gaylord thought. Just a few more ash cans beneath the water and then we can call it a day. He felt the scarf around his neck wet with his sweat, and putting a glove on his left hand, he sat there while the roar from the exploding depth charges swept over the ship and drummed against the thin steel of the director.

AS each underwater explosion shook the ship, the men in the plotting room were thrown against the heavy machinery around them. They could not stand because the deck buckled under them when the ship hogged and sagged as the shock of the pressure traveled forward along the keel.

"My arm's hurt," the electrician said. "I got thrown against a switch and it ripped through my shirt." He held up his left arm, and Walton could see the blood ooze out slowly, dyeing the faded denim.

"Just hold on to it," Walton said. "You can throw the switch with your right hand." He held the panel guards tightly, but his feet moved up and down a little with the twisting of the deck.

There was a muffled roar from the stern as the Y-gun hurtled out two more charges, and the men tensed themselves against the shock to come. When the explosions came, the deck twisted under their feet and Walton held tightly to the guard rail.

"That'll be all for a while," he said. "If they've still got a contact, they'll recross the track and lay another."

"Do you think that done it, chief?" the electrician asked. He still held his arm, and little drops of blood fell on the deck from the sopping tear in his shirt.

"How the hell do I know?" the chief said. "This ain't a glass-bottom boat." He leaned over and looked at the electrician's arm. "How's it feel, son?" he asked.

"It hurts," the electrician said. "It hurts like hell."

"I'll tie it up for you," the chief said. "We'll have a minute here."

He tore the shirt from the man's back and ripped it into two long strips. Then he wound one strip directly over the lacerated flesh. The blood soaked through almost at once.

"Thanks, chief," the electrician said. He sat down and elevated his arm. A little stream of blood ran down his arm into his armpit and splotched into the skivvy shirt he was wearing.

The ship lurched once more and then the deck leveled off.

"We've almost circled," Walton said. He could hear voices from the bridge through his phones. He walked by the switchboard, his phone wires trailing after him, and suddenly it seemed as though the ship was lifted

at the bow and hurled back into the water. Walton felt the deck lift under him, and he fell, striking his back painfully while his ears filled with the gigantic sound of the explosion, so close it seemed in the next compartment. The doors grated against their frames and the lights flickered quickly, then burned bright again. The ship reeled forward and buried her nose into the sea. Walton got to his feet quickly, hearing the sound of rushing water ahead of them, and put his phones back on. Turning to his station, he saw the electrician lying on the deck that twisted beneath his feet, and the chief looking at him, stunned from the monstrous sound, and Walton braced himself against the angle of the deck and pointed to the electrician.

"See if he's hurt," he shouted to the chief, not hearing his own voice. "I'll run things!"

The chief knelt down beside the unconscious man and Walton saw a cut over his forehead. Walton pressed the button on his phone, and just then words came over the earphones in a harsh, unbelieving voice: "We have been torpedoed, hit in the bow. Stand by for action."

"Aye, aye," Walton said, and he could not hear his voice. "Plot ready."

MAXON ran to the front of the pilothouse and looked down over the fo'c'sle. Smoke and the rancid smell of guncotton floated up to the bridge, and Maxon saw the bent plates of the deck point grotesquely upward. The bow was gone from the hawse pipes forward, smoke poured upward from the broken nose of the ship, and in the water, to either side, wreckage was sinking. The port glass beside him was cracked and he heard a man groaning on the wing. The commodore stood looking drunkenly at the debris-littered bow, and Maxon saw that the barrel of the number-one gun was pointing awkwardly upward and the gun mount swayed from side to side as the ship lurched.

Then behind him the whistle began to scream higher and higher until Maxon covered his deadened ears with his hands and the Old Man shouted to stop it, but it kept on screaming higher and then he saw the water break half a mile on their port bow, and dripping and black the sub surfaced, only a little of it above the water with the waves breaking over it, and their own ship still turning toward it, fighting the pressure against the rough nose that was low in the water.

"Mr. Gaylord," the pointer said, "number one gun reports elevating gears stripped and two casualties in the lower handling room."

Gaylord pressed his speaking button. "Number one," he said quickly, "look after your casualties and join the closure party forward as soon as you can."

The range-finder operator shrieked in back of him. "It's up," he shouted. "The sub's to port lying on the surface."

Gaylord looked through his sight. The cross-hairs were directly on the black back of the U-boat. "Plot!" he shouted. "Director on target. We're commencing fire!" He waited just a moment until the pitch brought them directly on the target and then he gripped the firing key fiercely in his right hand and, bracing his forehead against the rubber guard, squeezed the trigger. The yellow cloud that leaped out of the gun below him billowed into a vast expanse of red flame and he jerked back with the punch of the four guns recoiling together and through his phones he heard the empty brass casings drop on the steel decks of the four guns. Through the sight he saw three splashes in the water around the sub, and then the back of the sub seemed to open up, ripping open suddenly, and flame vomited into the sky, and the sound of the explosion came back to him while the fragments of steel that had been torn away were still in the air. Over the phones four quiet voices spoke in turn and Gaylord watched the sub roll a little on its side, and when the pointer had the horizontal wire bisecting the narrow length of the shattered hull, he pressed the trigger quickly and the shock threw him back sharply.

He closed his eyes from the burning pain of the powder flare, and when he opened them again he saw only one splash in the water to the right of the sub, and then the ripped hull came apart in the middle like a stick breaking and its oil caught fire in an awful blast of flame that Gaylord could feel push against the director, jarring him against the bulkhead, and he felt tears running down his cheeks. Then he heard the Old Man speaking over the phones to him.

"Cease firing," the Old Man said. "No need to waste any more."

Gaylord sank back against the seat and felt his shoulders shake, while the tears came down over his cheeks and he breathed quickly, gulping for air, but the breath caught in his throat, and he heard the men pounding one another on the back and laughing and he knew that he was crying to himself because it was over and finished for him, and he wanted to push open the hatch above him and shout out over the sea, but he felt too weak and too tired; so he sat there in the little steel shack listening to the cheering of the men around him while the sub broke the water once more in a burst of exploding steam and then sank, with only the burning oil to show where it had been killed. A few feet back of him the whistle screamed high into the night and then suddenly it ended, leaving his brain numb where its shrillness had been.

THE commodore cursed and said, "What a hell of a time for that whistle to stick!"

"We got the sub," the Old Man said. "That's all that counts."

"We shipping much water?" the commodore asked.

"No," the Old Man said. "Closure party just reported all watertight doors closed in that vicinity. They're holding."

"Better shore up the bulkheads," the commodore said. "The sea may kick up."

"Two men died down in the number one handling room," the Old Man said. "They were blown against the bulkhead."

The commodore took off his cap and held it in his hand. In the gray light he was older than the Old Man had ever seen him look before. "God rest them," the commodore said, and then, so softly the Old Man could hardly hear him: *"God rest them all."*

The bridge was silent. Two or three of the men leaned against bulkheads, and the Old Man looked out of the broken porthole at the clouds of smoke still rising from the surface of the water. There was only a little debris that floated by and the black smoke rose in clouds from the water, but the fire was burning itself out, and the Old Man coughed once from the smoke inside the pilothouse.

"Quartermaster," the Old Man said, "pass the word: *All hands secure from General Quarters and muster on station.*"

"Yes, sir," the quartermaster said. He turned to the battle talker. "Pass the word right away."

The executive officer came out on the wing and stood beside Maxon. "How do you feel, kid?" he asked. "Got the shakes?"

"No," Maxon said. "I haven't had a chance to get them yet."

"Yes, you have," the exec said. "You won't get them now."

"Can we make it to port like this?"

"I think so. If the weather holds we'll get in. I was just down forward. All we lost was the peak tank and the boatswain's stores. The pharmacist's mate is down there with the two men who were killed."

"Will we bury them at sea?"

"No. We'll take them back home where they belong. One of the men was the gunner's mate with the smashed foot. I can't figure out what he was doing at his battle station. If he'd stayed in his bunk he'd be alive now."

"I don't know either," Maxon said. He looked inside and saw that the regular watch was coming on. The men walked as men who had come from battle.

"We're all going to stand deck watches until we get home," Pratt said. "Even the commodore."

"Did you ask him?"

"No. The captain did. The commodore said he hadn't taken the deck in twelve years, but if the captain wanted to take a chance on him he'd be glad to." He took out a cigarette and offered the package to Maxon. "That was a perfect barrage, kid. He wouldn't have come up if he hadn't been hit."

"How did he manage to torpedo us?" Maxon asked.

"He must have fired after he was hit—on the way to the surface. We were still turning. That's why it only got the bow."

Maxon looked inside and saw the Old Man and the commodore standing side by side looking toward the lightening horizon while the ship turned slowly back to the old course and the pulse of the engines came up to him as he stood feeling life return to his body. Above him a gull dived toward the ship, crying harshly, and then turned and flew astern, and Maxon watched it hover behind the ship, gliding just over the spray that was thrown upward by the pounding screws.

THE commodore sat at the head of the wardroom table and gestured toward the pantry. The boy who was serving him breakfast went over to the pantry window. He shouted something inside. The jabbering ended.

The exec buttered another piece of toast. "We're making good time, commodore," he said. "There's not much wind and we're moving right along."

"When'll we get in?"

"We'll get a landfall in about three hours."

"Lough Swilly?"

"Yes, sir."

The quartermaster came down the ladder. "Mr. Pratt," he said, "sun's just coming up."

"So am I," the exec said. He finished his toast and gulped the rest of his coffee. Then he wiped his hands and went up the ladder.

"Where are the other officers?" the commodore asked when the mess boy came back with his coffee.

"Sleepin', suh, mos'ly."

The commodore looked at his wrist watch. Lord, he thought, almost time to go up and relieve Bert. Haven't had a deck watch in a hell of a while. Guess I can remember how it goes. It'll come back to me in a hurry. Remember to report twelve noon, chronometers wound, to myself and to Bert.

Walton came into the wardroom from the galley passageway. There was grease and soot on his khakis, and his shirt was stained under the arms with sweat.

"Where the hell have you been?" the commodore asked.

"Forward, sir. Getting an idea of the damage."

"Everything shored?"

"Yes, sir. The repair party had it under control before I got there."

"You haven't slept yet, have you?"

"No, sir," Walton said. He leaned back against the leather cushions. "I'll turn in when I get some coffee. I can write up the damage report in an hour or so."

The chief sat down near the head of the table. "Soft-boiled egg," he said to the mess boy, "and coffee."

"Toast, suh?"

"No." He lighted a cigarette and smoked slowly, watching Walton sleeping on the transom, breathing regularly. He saw him twitch suddenly and then roll over on his side, and in the wardroom there was only the quiet shudder of the ship as the broken bow pushed forward through the ocean, and then the mess boy came in with his morning coffee.

THE commodore walked forward and looked ahead at the torn plates of the forecastle. "Look at that bow," he said. "Lord, but we were lucky."

"It's the breaks like that that count," the Old Man said.

"They're the only ones," the commodore said. "I'll relieve you, Bert, if you want to go below."

"I'm getting hungry," the Old Man said. "Anything for breakfast?"

"Toast and boiled eggs."

"That's good enough," the Old Man said, handing him the binoculars. "I'm damn glad I'm still eating."

"Me too, Bert," the commodore said. "I relieve you."

The commodore eased himself up into the high bucket seat and looked at the horizon through his binoculars.

"Quartermaster," he said, "I'm going to give a box of cigars to the first man who sees land."

"Yes, sir," the quartermaster said. "I'll get the word around."

"It's worth a lifetime in the navy to see a ship come through like that," the commodore said. He picked up his glasses and scanned the horizon ahead. "May see some planes this morning," he said. "They must be looking for us now."

"We're opening up the commissary for the men," the exec said. "The captain just told me to feed them whatever we had that could be cooked in those steam kettles."

"That's a fine idea," the commodore said. "A good chow helps a lot." He looked around the pilothouse. There were cigarette butts on the deck, and the deck stripping was marred and scuffed. Paint was worn away from the binnacle and the top of the revolution indicator. Scraps of paper lay in the corners and the smell of nitrocellulose still clung to the bulkheads.

The helmsman cleared his throat. "We need a turn-to in here, sir," he said.

"After the men get some sleep there'll be time," the commodore said.

"Where's the convoy, sir?" the helmsman asked.

"Lord knows," the commodore said. "They're on a different course by now. Maybe they'll join up later."

A lookout came into the pilothouse. "Planes dead ahead, sir," he said. "Two of them flying low, just below the sun."

The commodore looked toward the horizon before them and brought up his binoculars. There were two little spots that rose higher on the face of the sun. The planes were flying toward them.

"Here they are," he said. "They must be ours, but have the machine guns stand by, just in case."

The lookout went out on the wing and shouted above to the men on watch by the machine guns. The commodore could hear the guns click into the half-load position and he watched the planes, and then there was the first sound of their engines, like a mosquito in a far part of the pilothouse. The spots on the sun rose steadily upward until they seemed over it, flying toward the ship against the white cirrus clouds. Then he could see that each plane had two motors, and the sun glinted against the droning propellers until they looked like disks of glass, and from the starboard plane a tiny light began flashing, winking at the ship that still parted the waves below. The commodore watched the blinking, but the code that he had known was lost to him.

The signalman watched the plane that signaled and the commodore saw his face relax.

"*Dit dit dit da,*" the commodore said. "What the hell does that mean? That's not a recognition signal."

"Yes it is, sir," the signalman said. "That's good anywhere. That's a V."

GAYLORD sat down at one of the three places set at the wardroom table and poured some dry cereal into his bowl. The watch boy came in.

"Just some toast," Gaylord said. "Butter it." He adjusted his trousers and unbuttoned the lower button of his coat. It seems funny to see the stripes on my sleeves, he thought, pouring canned milk over his cereal.

Maxon came in and sat across from Gaylord. "You certainly look sweet and neat," he said. "This uniform feels like I'd never worn it before."

"What kept you? Admiring yourself in the mirror?"

"No. I went below to look at the damage. Have you seen it yet?"

"I went down before I turned in," Gaylord said. "I wanted to look at the shoring."

"How does it feel to be a hero?" Maxon asked.

"Hero? Not this boy."

"You were the lad who fired the guns that sank the sub," Maxon said.

"You could have done it," Gaylord said. "There's not a man on the ship who couldn't have pressed that firing key. That was the easiest of all the jobs."

"The devil it was. I was in a fog the whole time. I'd have muffed it for us."

"Anyway, it's over now," Gaylord said. "You can do it next time when you've shown me how to run a depth-charge barrage."

The mess boy came in with Gaylord's toast. He put it beside his plate and took away the cereal bowl.

"Mistuh Walton jus' turn in," the boy said. "He been up all night."

"Might have known it," Gaylord said. "He wouldn't leave that shoring until he knew it was safe. He let me sleep."

"One of his men got torn up a little down in plot last night," Maxon said.

"I heard about it," said Gaylord. "Ran the whole damn thing himself. Didn't take him a second to set things up on the range keeper."

The shrill cry of the boatswain's pipe sounded in the galley passageway:

All hands fall in at quarters, on the double Whooooooo EEEEEEaaaaaaaEEEEEEEEE.

"That's us," Gaylord said, rising from the table. He folded his napkin and put it in his napkin ring.

They walked through the galley passageway and out to the deck. There was the sharp smell of salt when they pushed open the door, and the bright sunlight flashing up at them from the water only a few feet away, and the feel of the fresh air waking them, and aft they could see the men falling into double ranks facing inboard, their white hats squared and the ends of their neckerchiefs blowing free in the breeze.

"Look over there," Gaylord said.

Maxon looked toward the quarter and saw the two planes flying slowly, parallel with them, their wings shining blindingly when they climbed and banked away from the sun.

"Welcome home," Maxon said. He put his arm around Gaylord's shoulders.

They walked down the deck until they came to their divisions and then they braced while the men snapped to attention. Gaylord looked at Maxon and smiled. Then he looked piercingly into the eyes of the men before him, who stood stiffly erect, while the dazzling reflections from the water shone up under his visor and the thin high call of the boatswain carried down to them through the clear morning air.

AFTER Quarters was over, they walked forward down the port side of the deck, past the men who lounged in the sun, relaxing in its pleasant heat.

"What're you going to do this afternoon?" Maxon asked.

"Write a few letters, I suppose," Gaylord said. "I haven't written home in weeks."

"Maybe I'll do that, too."

They came to the top of the ladder outside the charthouse. Gaylord opened the door leading to the wing and they stepped out into the sunlight again. They were sheltered from the wind, and the sun seemed warmer.

"Morning, gentlemen," the commodore boomed from the pilothouse. "Sleep well?"

"Sure did, sir," Gaylord said. "How do you feel?"

"Never felt better," the commodore said. "Getting that sub was like a tonic."

Gaylord laughed. The lookout turned and smiled self-consciously.

The commodore went inside the pilothouse and they could see him talking to the helmsman. The sun was reaching the meridian and beat down on them from above, but their visors shielded their eyes, and the windbreak cut the glare from the water. The planes were ahead of them, circling back.

"Look at the bow," Maxon said.

"Looks like a prizefighter with a broken nose," Gaylord said.

"Land ho!"

The cry rang over the bridge, and the commodore turned his head quickly. "Where away?"

"Dead ahead, sir."

Gaylord went to the front of the windbreak and looked searchingly at the horizon.

"There it is," he said. "See it?"

Maxon, standing behind him, squinted for a moment and then he saw the land stretching out over the horizon, narrowly, like an edge of gray paper, low and flat, brightening in the sun, while the planes droned toward them, dipping as they split and passed above on either side.

"There it is," Gaylord said steadily. "We came through again."

Maxon looked at the darkening edge of the horizon and behind him the quartermaster spoke in the quiet pilothouse.

"It's twelve noon, sir. The chronometers are wound."

"Thank you," they heard the commodore say, as though far away. "Carry on."

The life line to England is a herd of rusty hulls prodded along by battered destroyers. How do the hulls hold out after the years of neglect—of oxidizing, stripping, and sagging? How can they go and return . . . go and return, and go again when their obsolescence is a waterfront joke and even the insurance companies shake their heads? What of the United Nations when the seams split and the rivets shear and the shafts burn out . . . when the sea smashes the bulwarks and the hatches . . . when the oil is foul with salt water . . . when coal is wet with the sea?

How can they go on?

Look to the men. Look to the men who can endure the wet and the cold and the sickness and the fear and the work with no rest.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

ARE soldiers people?

The civilian writers of many of the letters which come to me talk about our soldiers as though they were unrelated to the rest of our population—sprung full-armed from the dragon teeth of Selective Service, as it were. I know that attitude is unconscious and innocent, but I don't like it and I think it could do real harm if carried too far.

Don't think the soldiers themselves aren't aware of it. They are—and it riles them more than a little. Once in

Just people

a while an articulate spokesman expresses their opinion. In the Fort Sheridan (Illinois) Tower, Corporal David Henes has this to say:

"Some one frequently asks, 'What do you soldiers like to do in your time off, or what do you like to eat, or what do you like to read?' Well, if the soldier liked to work jigsaw puzzles, eat peanuts, and indulge in murder mysteries, he's probably the same guy now—still working jigsaw puzzles, munching peanuts, and reading Ellery Queen or E. Phillips Oppenheim. If he went in for sports, steak dinners, and biographies, it's very likely he's still enjoying all three.

"Somewhere down the line the false impression has been created that Joe and Charlie and Bob and all the rest were going to do a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde act when they exchanged their mufti for khaki. It's not so, Mr. and Mrs. America. We're still Joe and Charlie and Bob."

An unidentified contributor to the Caribbean Breeze puts it thus:

"Soldiers today are informed persons. They are an intelligent group with a keen sense of humor. The type of 'bushwah' handed out during the mauve decade concerning the quaking rookie, the hard-boiled sergeant, beans for chow, reveille at 4.30 A. M., delirious joy or despondent gloom at mail call, and all the other junk that is supposed to mirror the average soldiers, leaves us with a bad taste in our mouth. To put it mildly, our reaction is, 'Horsefeathers!'

"The rookie, as we find him, is a fellow who might be any age from eighteen to fifty. If he is eighteen, the chances are that he has had a sufficient amount of schooling to give him a stable outlook on life. He is not the stupid soul caricatured by cartoonists, nor is he the wise guy portrayed by sensational writers. He is probably a likable chap fully capable of and willing to adapt himself as readily as possible to life in the Army.

"If the rookie is of a more advanced age, he has probably spent a number of years in some industry and his reactions are mature. The amazing fact is that *soldiers are just —people!!*"

And that goes for

OLD SARGE.

* * *

When the term "enlisted men" is used, does it mean all privates and noncommissioned officers or only men who volunteered for the Army? I'm sure you will be able to clear this up in the minds of many of us once and for all.

Pvt. W. A. S., Biggs Field, Tex.

I didn't realize that service men were in doubt about it, although I knew that many civilians were confused. All privates and noncommissioned officers in the Army are enlisted men, whether they were inducted or volunteered. I agree that the expression seems rather awkward, now that one man was drafted and another enlisted, yet they are both enlisted men in the Army parlance. It would be more natural to refer to them as noncommissioned personnel; but that too would be misleading, since it includes both privates and noncommissioned officers. It might not be a bad idea for the Army to authorize a simple term to replace "enlisted men" under present conditions.

* * *

Not that I'm thinking about doing it—but just what can happen to a soldier who goes A. W. O. L. or deserts in wartime?

Pvt. C. S. L., Fort Dix, N. J.

Practically anything can happen to a soldier even for being A. W. O. L., not to speak of desertion. In peacetime the most you could get for A. W. O. L. was three days in the stockade and the loss of two days' pay for each day absent without authority. Now you can get up to "life." Recently a soldier at Pine Camp, New York, got two years for two days A. W. O. L. As for desertion, a year ago a Presidential executive order removed all peacetime restrictions on punishments (including death) for violation of those Articles of War having to do with desertion, attempting to desert, and advising or assisting another to desert. Beyond the military punishment meted out to a deserter, there's a federal law wrich states that he will be considered to have voluntarily relinquished and forfeited his rights of citizenship, will be forever incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under the United States, and will not be able to exercise any of the rights of citizenship.

* * *

I am an ex-Coast Guardsman and a graduate of a United States Maritime School. Does the Army have a station where men are trained for duty on Army transports? If there is such a spot, I want to transfer to it because of my past experience.

Pvt. G. W. T.,
Camp Butner, N. C.

Afraid not. Excepting officers, practically all the personnel of the Army Transport

WAAC

Service is of civil service status. Such military personnel as radio operators are detailed from other branches of the Army for special duty with the transport service and are not really a part of it.

* * *

With great interest I read the recent item concerning the opportunities for limited service men in Officer Candidate Schools. Are limited service men eligible to attend training schools for enlisted men, such as radio operators, company clerks, etc.?

Pvt. L. G., Camp Young, Calif.

Certainly. Schools conducted for the enlisted men of any branch of the Army are

available to limited service men of that branch, as well as the general service men.

* * *

I have had ten years' service in the Regular Army. About eighteen months ago I was made a staff sergeant. Since then I have been promoted to technical sergeant (temporary) and to master sergeant (temporary). Recently I was transferred from the organization in which I was acting first sergeant. When the war is over, what grade will I hold?

M/Sgt. L. R., A. P. O. #695.

You will revert to the last permanent grade to which you were appointed or which you held prior to July 1, 1941.

* * *

Why is the minimum age limit for the WAAC twenty-one? There are plenty of us eighteen and twenty dying to get into the service.

The British accept women of eighteen. Isn't it a fact that girls of the same age are more mature and poised than boys of eighteen and nineteen? Personally, I am nineteen years old, a high-school graduate, and married to a soldier for over a year. I'd like to serve my country as he is doing—to the limit.

Mrs. G. T., Plattsburg, N. Y.

In a recent issue a Vox Pop lady contributor, after making this column blush with pride, asked why Old Sarge "turns his back completely on This Woman's Army" and suggested that it might be because "the women turn their backs on him." Too true, lady, too true, much as I hate to admit it. But to show that I'm not mad I give you the above letter, with the hope that it will inspire members of This Woman's Army to add me to their mailing lists. That's the only way they can share this page with the men. P.S. What's the answer to Mrs. G. T.'s question?

* * *

In all the time I have read your column I never thought I'd be asking an answer to a personal question. Please give me advice on military etiquette when a noncom has a commissioned officer (nurse) as his wife.

Cpl. H. H., Fort Devens, Mass.

In all the time I have been conducting this department I never thought that some day I would be giving the answer to such a question. So we're square. In official circles, all courtesies of the service which an enlisted man renders a commissioned officer will apply. In privacy, well-l-l—

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

SO many boys have been sent to Texas training camps that everything about life in the Lone-Star State has special interest for thousands of mothers and sisters and sweethearts all over the country. They tell me they want to know what goes on in Texas where their men are. I've been down there this past month, talking to people and looking around, and I can assure you that Texas is exactly the kind of place men like. From my notes you'll see that I like it, too. . . . San Antonio, one of the loveliest cities I ever have seen, with the Spanish influence picturesque and strong. Villita, the original town, is the old village on the hill above the river. It went to seed until a wise city government restored it only four years ago. Now the ancient houses are handicraft workshops and Red Cross activities are centered there. . . . Anita Arneson showed me River Street's landscaped perfection—stepped bridges at every crossing, each curve of the walk designed to cast reflections of palm trees and flowering shrubs upon the river surface. All this was planned by Anita's late husband, Edwin Arneson, whose engineering project for flood control led to the city's beautification. A mile and a half along River Street, and you come to the Arneson Little Theater, the seats separated from the stage by the river. Instead of a drop curtain, fountains are used to make a screen of glistening water. . . . As a pattern for American cities of the future, San Antonio has much to contribute.

THERE was a shotgun wedding in San Antonio just before I arrived, and all the ladies who knew of it were still a-chuckle. It was performed in true Texas style—with a six-shooter rather than a shotgun—but in one respect it was a modernized, feminine-interest affair. The girl's pa didn't bring her boy friend to the altar at the point of a gun. Her younger sister did. The two girls were cleaning the attic. The boy rang their doorbell. He had been going with the older girl for a long time, but no word of marriage had he uttered—and he would soon be inducted into the army. The younger girl grabbed an old Colt pistol that had been in the attic since frontier days. Gun in hand, she rushed to the door and commanded the boy to propose to her sister. He gulped, then gave in. The wedding took place within a week.

I LEARNED some realities about Texas ranching from Dorothy Gage Forker—Mrs. Donald Forker—whose family, the Gages, raise cattle in the Big Bend, near the Rio Grande. She told me the truth about cowgirls. Outside of rodeo circuses there *ain't none!* . . . Texas ranches are huge, thirty acres of land being reckoned for each head of cattle. Ranch horses are always geldings, yet the cowboys give them girls' names. Gelded horses on the Gage ranch are named Daisy, Alice, Mary Pickford, etc. . . . Beans *must* be served with *every* cowboy meal. The punchers eat large quantities of steak, barbecued or chicken-fried, seldom broiled. Now that meat is hard to get, a Texas cowboy dish called *Son-of-a-Gun* should be widely popularized. It is simply a rich stew of liver, kidneys, heart, and lights. A favorite cowboy dessert is known as *Speckled Pup*—rice and raisins. Your kids will enjoy this because of its cowboy name.

THE Gage ranch has a *ghost fire.* Legend says it was lighted years ago by a Mexican girl to guide her lover, who never returned. She threw herself over a cliff, but the fire still burns at night, according to the story. . . . Landmark of San Antonio is the old Menger Hotel, built in 1857 and familiar to all O. Henry readers. Sentimental San Antonians still deck its magnificent bay-windowed dining room for fashionable deb parties. Its priceless rugs and inlaid furniture now embellish San Antonio's excellent up-to-date Hotel St. Anthony. But the Menger has kept its famous cherrywood bar whereon O. Henry used to lean. I saw it crowded with boys in uniform—drinking soft drinks!

baroness cast about among her acquaintances for a likely prospect. Taking no chances, she invited a rich Swiss girl to visit Vienna. The girl arrived with a conveniently aged grandmother as chaperon, and Henreid recalls that the young lady was a honey. Indeed, she possessed every qualification as a wife, except that, try as he might, he could not manage to fall in love with her. One evening he explained this, whereupon she admitted experiencing the same reaction to him and cheerfully kissed him good-by.

THE baroness tried once more. Shrewdly designing her campaign from her knowledge of her son's vagaries, she enlisted the support of his best friend. The girl in question was thus presented to Henreid as his pal's newest discovery; and since at the moment Paul was bored with the last girl he had stolen from his friend, he was a co-operative victim of the plot. This time he fell in love, but avoided marrying her because of a greater love: the theater.

He had enrolled in night classes at the New Vienna Conservatory, and had been discovered during one performance by Otto Preminger, Max Reinhardt's managing director. Preminger had given him a contract, with the result that he was scheduled to open in Ball at the Savoy within a few weeks. Just before the opening, the girl set the date for their marriage as the following day. When he pointed out that he hadn't the time, she departed in a fury.

Henreid was still brooding over this event, although somewhat cheered by his success in the Vienna theater, when he met Lisl at a party. She was temporarily soured against life too, it appeared, having just divorced her husband. In the process of cheering each other up, they fell in love. They agreed to consider their marriage a seven-year experiment. Should it turn out well, they could renew the contract for another seven years.

Each retained, under this somewhat cold-blooded arrangement, a degree of personal independence. Thus, when in 1937 Paul went to London to play Albert in Victoria Regina, and decided to live there, Lisl refused to leave her shop in Vienna or do more than make him a flying visit once a month. He was impelled to adopt England as his home as much for political as for professional reasons. In the previous year he had very much annoyed the Nazi government by helping Otto Wallburg, a Jewish comedian, to escape from Berlin to Austria.

When the Anschluss occurred, Lisl, flying back to Vienna on the first plane, briskly collected her family, all the dresses from her shop, and about $25,000 worth of jewels which personal friends wanted smuggled abroad. She was detained for twenty-four hours by the Gestapo, but was released when she pointed out that her husband was popular in England and would undoubtedly create a stink should she be victimized. Fortunately for her, it was a period of German appeasement of British public opinion.

In London, Henreid achieved a certain success on the stage and made a number of relatively unimportant films. But he wanted to come to the United States. He discovered that although the Austrian immigration quota was full to overflowing, the Italian quota was not; and as he had been born in Trieste, which a few years after his birth had been ceded to Italy, it was possible for him to obtain an Italian passport.

Only after his arrival in New York did he learn of a new law concerning actors of alien status. Half-year layoffs between shows were required of such persons. The highest guaranty he could get was for $3,000 on one play. Should it flop, which he believed it would, he was sunk for six months. At the same time, he found, to his amazement, that Hollywood producers had never heard of him.

It was then that he made his deal with his wife, who knew a bargain when she saw one.

AMONG many black moments (normal in such an emotional temperament as Henreid's) that he has experienced since his arrival in Hollywood, the preview of Joan of Paris marks the superlative. At the beginning of production he had been highly praised by director Robert Stevenson. Then it was decided to make the film a star-maker for Michele Morgan. At the first sneak preview, according to Henreid, the audience was too vociferous over sequences in which he was featured, and these sequences were consequently soon curling on the cutting-room floor.

Later, however, the reaction of feminine audiences to what was left of Henreid in Joan of Paris automatically made Lisl, through her shrewd investment, independent of the dressmaking business. Today, when she is not engaged in serving as a field fire warden, she devotes her energies to being president of the S. T. M. T. E. F. P.—Society To Make Things Easier For Paul.

OTHER members in good standing are his old Austrian nurse, imported after good times struck the family, and a colored maid. Since the nurse refused to learn English, protesting that she was too old, and since some means of communication besides sign language was desirable among the household employees, the Negro maid obligingly learned German, which she speaks with an inflexible Southern accent. A young male Austrian, Henreid's secretary, completes the membership.

All are in on a kind of perpetual conspiracy to keep the young baron happy. On the days in which he is not required to report to the studio, none approach him until after he has had his lunch, in order to save him the strain on his blood pressure of nursing his normal forenoon grouch into a choleric rage. Luncheon must be perfection, since upon it depends the Henreid mood for the ensuing day and evening.

The secretary, still as unaccustomed as his employer to the average Hollywood interviewer's taste in five-o'clock refreshment, relentlessly presses coffee made in the Austrian manner (no good unless it stains the cup) upon guests brought to the house by Warners or RKO publicity personnel. Only an intrepid few refuse, firmly expressing a preference for whisky, and these are inevitably male. The others, by far the majority, are lady writers who have heard that they will have their hands kissed in the authentic Continental fashion, and who wait, quietly agitated, drinking their coffee, for it to happen.

There is as yet no record of one being disappointed.

THE END

The sun shone on La Bandelette, lovely French coast resort. But black tragedy was gathering around a certain villa in the Rue des Anges. Then, one night, it closed in. Murder struck, and dark suspicion descended on a beautiful woman. So begins

THE EMPEROR'S SNUFF-BOX

By John Dickson Carr

A rare new treat for mystery fans, abridged by Liberty to a reading time of one evening.

Coming Next Week!

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

The café magician completes his "switch" act—and is shot by a bullet intended for Graham (Cotten).

Col. Haki (Welles) and Kopeikin (Sloane) decide to smuggle the hunted Graham out on a cattle boat.

Terrified Graham joins Josette (Del Rio) and the [illegible] as Baout the killer (Moss) hovers near.

BY HARRIET GOULD

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

ORSON WELLES, the theater's fabulous Wonder Boy, has once again tossed movie tradition aside for his newest Mercury Production, Journey into Fear. Even that tried-and-true movie gimmick, "the chase," is given a novel twist in this story about an American engineer, Graham (Joseph Cotten), who has been making a naval survey for the Turkish government. With all the data in his head, he is now ready to leave Turkey with his wife (Ruth Warrick). Blissfully unaware that the Nazis are after him, he goes to a café, where a dancer (Dolores Del Rio) inveigles him into helping the magician do a "switch" act. At the end of the trick, the magician is dead—shot by a bullet intended for Graham. Colonel Haki (Welles), a Turkish official, recognizes the danger Graham is in and smuggles him out of the country on a cattle boat. That's when the chase begins, with all the psychological curlicues such a situation occasions.

Although Welles did not direct this picture (Norman Foster did), a great deal of the camera technique resembles his work in Citizen Kane and The Magnificent Ambersons. Narrow sets are used to intensify the feeling of constraint. And half-lighting enhances the sense of depression and fear.

The cast—which by this third Welles picture begins to look like the 1943 version of a strolling Shakespearean company—includes Joseph Cotten, Everett Sloane, Agnes Moorehead, and Ruth Warrick—all old Mercury Players and all excellent in their roles. Most of the rest of the actors seem to have been recruited from Welles' own staff. His radio-script writer appears as a ship's steward, and even his secretary was handed an acting assignment. One of the choicest roles (that of the voiceless Nazi killer) went to obese Jack Moss, who—until now—has been only Welles' business partner and a movie producer in his own right. Welles himself chose a minor supporting role—but he and Joseph Cotten get top billing because they wrote the script.

Journey into Fear might have been a rather routine spy story. It becomes an interesting and suspense-filled thriller under the able, unconventional hand of Orson Welles.

(RKO.)

THUMBNAILS

Round-up

WITH the movies becoming more and more important to America for both their propaganda value and the relaxation they offer our war-harried nerves, Hollywood has been working overtime to turn out a variety of pictures that should make next season an exciting one.

The war, of course, has inspired most of the original scripts—with results ranging from Bataan Patrol, Bombardier, and Action in the North Atlantic (their emphasis being on the realistic, grim side of the battle) to Stage Door Canteen, a star-studded glorification of the servicemen's haven.

Flight for Freedom, Rosalind Russell's next, dips into pre-Pearl Harbor lore and emerges with an aviatrix heroine who is more than vaguely reminiscent of Amelia Earhart.

Hollywood is borrowing heavily from Broadway, too. Among the musicals that are expected are the film versions of DuBarry Was a Lady, Best Foot Forward, and Lady in the Dark—the last in technicolor and starring Ginger Rogers instead of Broadway's Gertrude Lawrence. A talented array of colored entertainers, including Lena Horne, the attractive torch-singing "find," and Ethel Waters, have been assigned to Cabin in the Sky. This picture, along with Stormy Weather, starring Bill Robinson and Lena Horne (again), may be the beginning of a trend of all-Negro musicals. Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins will be in the film version of Old Acquaintance, and Bette Davis is also starred in Watch on the Rhine.

Best sellers have also provided material for a number of new movies. For Whom the Bell Tolls, after a to-do with the State Department, is coming along soon, as are Above Suspicion and Assignment to Brittany, dealing with intrigue in occupied countries. The Moon Is Down and Edge of Darkness, important books on Norway's resistance to the Nazis, should make important films.

Perhaps the most exciting picture to be made from a book is Ambassador Davies' Mission to Moscow. Almost completed now, it took months of groundwork—finding actors who looked like Stalin, Molotov, Churchill, and Davies himself was a touchy project.

Most intriguing of all is the news that we may soon get a look at The Outlaw, Howard Hughes' movie about Billy the Kid completed over a year ago, and which has so far served only as a buildup vehicle for Jane Russell and a source for cheesecake photographs for picture magazines.

YOUNG MR. PITT

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

IT isn't often possible to cut a section right out of the history books and make it into an interesting and dramatic film. One of the better exceptions, however, the English-made Young Mr. Pitt, which covers Britain's ten-year (1794-1804) battle for survival against another would-be world conqueror, Napoleon. Under England's youngest Prime Minister Parliament discusses unconditional surrender, and the fight for their way of life as if it were today. Robert Donat and Robert Morley help make this film well worth seeing.

SILVER SKATES

(Monogram)

USING a backstage romance between Kenny Baker and Patricia Morison to link a series of ice spectacles, this musical spotlights an extremely talented and versatile group of skaters. Among them are Belita, Eugene Turner, Frick and Frack—all world-famous—and a pair of remarkable youngsters—Irene Dare and Danny Shaw. Their exploits on ice, along with original choreography, music by Ted Fiorito's orchestra, and elaborate costumes and settings make for a pleasant movie.

MARIA MONTEZ

NOEL COWARD

LANA TURNER

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
AIR FORCE (Warners) John Garfield, Harry Carey	*Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941).	A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)
CASABLANCA (Warners) Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Paul Henreid	*Melodrama* (the refugee problem and a novel love story against the background of French Morocco).	Terrific and timely hit . . . extraordinarily well staged and acted. (1-2-43)
COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN (Columbia) Paul Muni, Cedric Hardwicke	*Drama* (peace-loving Norwegians rise and fight back at the Nazis' "bloodless" occupation of their country).	Warm, rich, and stirring . . . a must on your movie list. (1-23-43)
FOR ME AND MY GAL (M-G-M) Judy Garland, Gene Kelly	*Musical drama* (much song and dance in this saga of vaudeville's heyday during the last war).	Poignant performances by stars . . . best musical of the moment. (11-21-42)
IN WHICH WE SERVE (United Artists) Noel Coward	*Drama* (the thrilling biography of an English destroyer and its crew in the North Atlantic).	First great picture of this war . . . Coward's talents shine . . . magnificent job. (12-26-42)
JOURNEY FOR MARGARET (M-G-M) Robert Young, Laraine Day	*War drama* (two bomb-blitzed children tangle the heartstrings of an American couple in London).	Poignant record of innocents caught in the holocaust. (12-19-42)
LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30 (20th-Fox) Monty Woolley, Ida Lupino	*Comic melodrama* (the bottle or the theater?—a broken-down actor attempts a comeback).	Dialogue, direction, and acting compensate for unoriginal plot. (1-9-43)
MARGIN FOR ERROR (20th-Fox) Joan Bennett, Milton Berle, and Otto Preminger	*Comedy* (Patrolman Moe Finklestein is ordered to guard the Nazi consul in prewar New York).	Sloppy rewriting and slow direction of Clare Luce's successful stage play. (2-27-43)
ONE DAY OF WAR (March of Time)	*Documentary film* (stirring kaleidoscope of a typical day of war in Soviet Russia).	Most amazing war film ever made . . . awful and startling in its simplicity. (3-6-43)
PITTSBURGH (Universal) Marlene Dietrich, Randolph Scott	*Melodrama* (lusty story of the rise of two coal miners with the aid of a beautiful woman).	Effective propaganda . . . good entertainment, too . . . sure to please. (1-9-43)
RANDOM HARVEST (M-G-M) Ronald Colman, Greer Garson	*Love story* (the end f the last war and an amnesia victim bring England's two worlds together).	Tender and touching . . . performed and directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
SALUDOS AMIGOS (Disney-RKO) Donald Duck, Goofy	*Cartoon feature* (the Disney menagerie takes over South America and makes some new friends).	Very amusing dose of hemispheric neighborliness . . . magnificent color. (1-16-43)
SHADOW OF A DOUBT (Universal) Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten	*Thriller* (an unsuspected murderer gets into the family bosom—until a shadow of doubt enters).	Hitchcock has done it again . . . hairline tension . . . good acting. (2-6-43)
STAND BY FOR ACTION (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy, Charles Laughton	*Navy drama* (conflict, jealousy, and fourteen rescued babies on a destroyer in a Pacific convoy).	Action, whimsey, and stark drama ride comfortably together. (1-16-43)
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM (Paramount) All-star cast	*Musical comedy* (Paramount presents all its properties—stars, producers, and sets—in an amusing package).	Pace and polish of a Broadway musical, but with more plot. (1-30-43)
TENNESSEE JOHNSON (M-G-M) Van Heflin, Lionel Barrymore	*Historical drama* (portrait of a President whose life has been the subject of much controversy).	Technically good . . . historically inaccurate . . . will stir you or rouse your ire. (2-27-43)
THE BLACK SWAN (20th-Fox) Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara	*Sea thriller* (beautiful technicolor records bold buccaneer doings in the Caribbean).	Will linger as more than a routine costume piece. (12-12-42)
THE ROAD TO MOROCCO (Paramount) Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour	*Comedy with music* (song and silly doings and talking camels on the African desert).	Moviegoers will roll in the aisles . . . Hope and Crosby fresher than ever. (10-31-42)

GOVERNMENT BY A HANDFUL

Continued from Page 20

problem arises, political pressure develops and demands a regular organization on the part of Congress to deal with these problems. For example, the special committees on small business may become part of the regular organization of Congress.

Since, in practice, the chairman of a committee has the right to report legislation directly to Congress for action, a chairman friendly to them is an advantage to any group, bloc, or interest. During the 1930s it happened that the chairmen of the House and Senate Committees on Education and Labor, Senator Thomas of Utah and Representative Mary Norton of New Jersey, were both friendly to organized labor. If they had been hostile to labor, the odds are these committees would have split up into committees on education and committees on labor to make sure of friendly chairmen.

THIS technique—the lobbyists' business of making sure that each committee is in "friendly" hands—is why Congress is generally incapable of taking action, so incapable of energy, of foresight. With legislation in both houses in the hands of about forty little Congresses over which there is only very remote popular control, each committee becomes the representative of a special interest. Special interests are disinclined to take risks, accept sacrifices, or consider the general welfare.

That is why the so-called "Farm Bloc" is in the saddle when farm prices are up for downward revision. That is why the so-called "Silver Bloc" is in the saddle when silver is up for use in industry; why the bankers and big incomes are in the saddle when income taxes are due to be hiked, the labor unions in the saddle when labor is being investigated. In the House of Representatives, for instance, they have tried to get around the regular labor committee by sending labor legislation to such bodies as the House Naval Affairs Committee, the House Judiciary Committee, and the famous Smith Committee. The Senate cut out the appropriation for the C. C. C. at the last minute, without giving an opportunity for an honest debate on whether or not it was sound public policy to disband the Civilian Conservation Corps. The Army said it wanted to keep the C. C. C., but the Southern senators from the sawmill states said the Army didn't know its stuff.

The weakness of this way of se-

lecting committee members is the weakness of the jury system—when the jury is packed! Each important committee is a politically packed jury. Since, at most, only one measure out of a thousand is adopted against the will of the committee which considers it, this means that Congress is practically incapable of taking swift, direct, and efficient action in time of emergency or on a controversial issue.

So you see why the Executive power grows apace in time of war or general emergency. The heads of the Congressional committees have the real power over action in matters in which they have a direct, personal, and sometimes a financial interest. They are, as a result of seniority, old men—sometimes very old—without the courage, energy, or faith of youth. Their instinct is to do nothing, fold their hands, and hope that things will blow over. They are swayed by ideas and slogans hopelessly out of touch with the changing times. Their object is to cement votes for their party rather than to serve the nation.

Their first instinct, when confronted with an issue, is to deny that it exists—like the isolationists in 1939 who told President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull that there would be no European war. The late Senator Borah of Idaho claimed that he had superior sources of information on this crucial point. The second instinct, when the issue is too obvious to be dodged, is to blame the opposition for it, and to seek to coin prejudice into votes—as those who, having refused to enact price-control laws, blamed the inflation on the Roosevelt administration. And the third instinct is to try to claim credit for whatever is done in dealing with the issue.

SINCE hungry men must eat, and since total war waits for no congressman, this habit of our national legislature means that the President must act. And then Congress accuses him of wanting to be a dictator. But all the while the great tasks of government are being done, somehow and anyhow, by the handful of men who, in every generation of Americans, really seek to promote the general welfare and to maintain the common defense.

There is, however, one thing this perilous system can do to save itself and our national legislature: make an organized effort to improve the quality and to regulate the qualifications of the employees of the Congressional committees. These employees form a sort of vest-pocket civil service or bureaucracy in the employ of Congress. For example, the Senate Committee on Small Business employs about forty people. No one but Martin Dies knows how many his famous committee has employed. Other standing committees also employ full-time personnel to help the legislators. In addition, the Library of Congress maintains a well staffed Legislative Reference Division to help the lawmakers.

Up to now, although their salaries are paid out of the contingent funds of the House and Senate, these committee jobs have been political patronage under the control of the committee chairman. Frequently the chairman's choice for "executive secretary" or "counsel" makes the difference between a good and a bad committee. The whole color of the Senate investigation of banking in the 1930s was supplied by the committee counsel, Ferdinand Pecora. Also, this system opens the door to the lobbyist and the pressure bloc.

The Chief Executive, through the departments, is able to call on the services of far abler experts than even the best of lobbyists or private interests. Therefore, great merit attaches to the proposal by Republican Representative Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois. He has a plan to establish a sort of Congressional High Command on the Conduct of the War, on Peace and Peace Planning, and on Postwar Planning and Reconstruction. He also wants Congress to set up a committee of seven to carry on continuous studies for reforms, and he proposes to expand the Legislative Reference Division of the Library of Congress.

IF, as is done in emergency administrative set-ups, the Civil Service Commission were invited to pass on qualifications and set salaries of Congressional committee employees, and if Congress more fully exercised its right to call on bureaus and departments for the temporary services of regular government employees, the quality of the legislative bureaucracy could be enormously improved. And if the people who advise the committees were selected on the basis of merit and competence and were paid on the same basis—instead of being used to pay off political debts or to give jobs to Congressional relatives—then the committees themselves would lose their sense of inferiority and be no longer resentful in their dealings with the Executive branch. A much more harmonious relationship could be developed without losing votes, losing prestige, or disturbing the balance of powers set up by our national Constitution.

That today is the hope of every one who realizes that our "freshman Congress" may be called upon to determine the most momentous issues of war and peace ever faced by the American people.

THE END

"Oh, I couldn't let you, really. You've gone to so much trouble already."

WHAT'S ALL THIS SALUTING ABOUT? BY GORDON McLEAN

THE salute is one of the most symbolical actions of a military or naval man. It is his distinctive way of saying hello and it is strictly taboo to nonmilitary men.

The Navy, which candidly admits copying the salute from the Army, only adopted the modern salute within the past fifty years. Prior to that time, sailors grasped the stiff visors of their nautical caps between thumb and forefinger of the right hand as a gesture of courtesy. Regulations held that men without caps must grasp the forelock as a salutation to commissioned officers. No rules prescribed the procedure to be followed by a bald-headed man without a cap.

Both the Army and the Navy emphasize that the salute is not rendered to the man but to the uniform he wears and the authority he represents.

. . . in pantomime of that tribute of gallantry, "Honey, you dazzle me!"

The origin of the salute is far from clear. Historians interpret a form of saluting in the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt. Military experts claim it was derived from an old Roman custom that started in the days of the Borgias. As a measure of self-protection, those in power required visiting subordinates to raise the hands, palms open and to the front, upon entering their presence, to show that no lethal weapons were concealed in the sleeves.

Another version of the development of the modern military salute is traced to the period when knights attired themselves in armor. Longevity was greatly dependent upon split-second identification of an approaching horseman as friend or foe. So many old friends perished for want of recognition that it became customary for knights to raise the visors of their metal headpieces to identify themselves. Of course there is also an old fable that saluting originated from the ritual of knights-errant who, passing in review before the fair one chosen Queen of Beauty and Love before jousts or tournaments, shaded their eyes with their hands in pantomime of that ageless tribute of gallantry, "Honey, you dazzle me!"

All commissioned officers of the armed forces of the United Nations are entitled to a salute. A junior officer must salute his senior, the enlisted man his officer. In turn, the salute must be returned.

RECENTLY a newly commissioned second lieutenant was the victim of a private's prank. The lieutenant was burdened with two large, heavy pieces of luggage and a briefcase, when the soldier saluted. Down went bags and briefcase as the second lieutenant returned the salute.

Forty or fifty other soldiers spotted the error and went to work. Every time the new young officer picked up his luggage, he was saluted. His luggage showed considerable signs of wear by the time the grinning soldiers passed.

The second lieutenant still blushes when he reads Subsection 1 of Section 10 of the War Department's Basic Field Manual on Military Courtesy and Discipline, which states: "When Not To Salute. . . . When carrying articles with both hands, or when otherwise so occupied as to make saluting impracticable."

How do saluting soldiers rate with fighting men? The answer comes from General John J. Pershing, Commanding General of the A. E. F. in World War I, who demanded, "Send me men who can shoot and salute."

THE END

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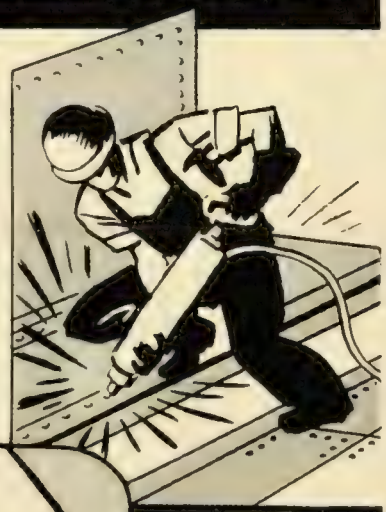

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? GUESS WHO SAID IT ?

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

FAMOUS people speak their minds. The clues make it easy for you to tell who they are. Answers on page 60.

1. A band leader, composer of marches, said: *"Jazz will endure as long as people hear it through their feet."*

2. *"The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious."* This from a physicist who can play the fiddle.

3. America's most caustic critic-raconteur once reviewed a play with this: *"Run, do not walk, to the nearest exit."*

4. *"The bigger they are the harder they fall,"* was asserted by a boxing champ who won the title with a solar-plexus blow. His opponent was called "Gentleman."

5. *"Let us not dream that reason can ever be popular."* He was an eighteenth-century German poet and dramatist.

6. His middle name is a kind of flour; he was an inventor: *"Great discoveries and improvements invariably involve the co-operation of many minds."*

7. Big in heart and in body, this movie actress said before she died: *"I like a dash of onion in everything —I don't practice breath control."*

8. One of the busiest Englishmen of World War I was present at the signing of the Versailles Treaty: *"Liberty has restraints but no frontiers."*

9. A Scottish poet who had many tragic loves warned: *"Some books are lies from end to end."*

10. This toothy, stylish, silent-screen actress, once married to a foreigner, says: *"I'd like to be a feminine type with a masculine mind. Better yet, a feminine type with no mind at all."*

LIE AND CONSEQUENCES—Continued from Page 10

and all the table silver was gone, except for a teaspoon and two butter knives that the thief had dropped on the floor. The door to the office in the wing, which Miss Parker had locked, was forced and seventy dollars missing from the desk. The thief also had taken a small microscope that the doctor kept on his desk, but apparently threw it away later, because the police found it in a ditch a couple of miles up the highway.

It was easy enough to imagine what had happened. A woman alone at nightfall in an isolated house on the outskirts of town. A tramp coming to the back door to ask for supper. She letting him in and feeding him—and there was a bottle of milk, half a loaf of bread, an open can of sardines, and a dish of applesauce on the kitchen table when the hired girl came in next morning. And after that—

DON'T forget that this was 1935, and millions of people were roaming the country looking for work, and anything else they could get. Our town was overrun with tramps willing to do a day's work for a square meal, begging for pennies on Main Street. I suppose most of them were honest and harmless, but some weren't. Several ugly things had happened, and people who used to feed these tramps, or give them money on the street, stopped doing it. So it was natural to think that Mrs. Bissell had been murdered by one of these hundreds of wandering men.

That was what the police thought. They rounded up every floater in town and made them account for themselves on the day of the murder. They questioned all the truck drivers who drive the route from Pittsfield to Boston on the state highway. They even went up to the CCC camp at Greenfield and checked on where every man had been and what he'd been doing. At the end of three days they had fifteen suspects, but they hadn't arrested any one yet.

Then, on the fifth day, the 23d, when I gave the tea, the police in Pittsfield picked up a bum who was trying to pawn some silverware. It matched the rest of the Bissells' silver. Our police went to Pittsfield and brought him back to Westlea. He was drunk—had been drunk for days, they said.

This man—he gave the name of Smith—admitted he'd been in our town the afternoon of the murder. Several people had seen him—the counterman in the Star Diner at the foot of Main Street, and the woman who runs that cheap beer place near the railroad station. Fogarty had seen him, too. Fogarty's the old policeman who directs traffic in front of the high school every afternoon when classes let out.

This man Smith even admitted that he'd passed the Bissells' house that evening. He was walking along the highway out of town, he said, trying to thumb a ride to Pittsfield. He said he was at Four Corners around eight o'clock, and waited about half an hour there. But there weren't many cars on the road then, so he started walking again.

Of course they asked him how he got the silver he was trying to pawn. He said he found it on the side of the highway, about a mile from Four Corners. A truck was coming down the road, and the headlights shone on this pile of knives and forks in the grass. So he picked them up.

I heard all this from Clara Evans at the tea party. Clara's husband Hubert Evans is our chief of police, and he went to Pittsfield to make the arrest. Clara was full of the story, and did a lot of boasting about Bert as though he'd gotten his man single-handed, like Sherlock Holmes. You can't blame her. I'd do the same.

"Bert told me about it when he came home to lunch, so naturally I was waiting at the station house when Bert brought this murderer down from Pittsfield," Clara said.

EVERY one's tea was cold, and no one had touched my brownies or the rolled watercress sandwiches.

"My, what a horrible, ugly man!" she went on. "Bert had the handcuffs on him, and was holding his arm so he couldn't do anything, but even so, when they pulled him out of the car I got a scare, let me tell you. He had little red eyes and was all hunched up like a dwarf. I don't think he was as tall as me, but he looked powerful. He reminded me of that picture with Lon Chaney a long time ago. What was it? You know, the one in Paris. Well, anyway, he scared *me*, and I said to Bert, not an hour ago—I said, 'Bert, that's the murderer,' I told him. 'Just by looking at him I know he did it.'"

And then, in her quick, high, excited little voice, Maddie Frank said, "No, he didn't. He didn't do it."

Maddie wasn't a member of the P. T. A., but she and I are best friends, and when she came around to visit that afternoon I naturally asked her to stay for tea. After all, she knew most of the mothers there since they were children, and there is nothing very secret about our P. T. A. meetings.

There were fourteen of us in the

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S
FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

BLACKADAISICAL: A languid Harlemite.

ROEMANTIC: A shad with a glitter in his eye.

DOUGHMICILE: A millionaire's mansion. (Now extinct.)

NAGOTIATIONS: Horse auctions.

DIAPHRAGMATEUR: Student of osteopathy.

ARCTICULATION: Eskimo as she should be spoke.

AROSEVELT: Eleanor got up early to catch a plane.

SHOEVENIRS: Junior's bootees kept for posterity.

CRAMLIN: Stalin's citadel chock-full of Russians.

NAYBOR: The guy next door who'll never let you have his lawn mower.

room, as I remember. No one said a word or made a sound. Then Prue Johnson, who teaches English composition and music, dropped her teacup while she was trying to put it back in the saucer.

"I saw the man who killed Mrs. Bissell," Maddie Frink said. "At any rate, if he didn't kill her, he came out of the back door of the house just about the time she was supposed to have been killed. I saw him. He wasn't a short man. He didn't look like the hunchback of Notre Dame—that's the movie you're trying to remember, Clara. He was a tall man. Very tall."

I should say here that Maddie Frink is a talker. In fact, she's the town gossip. I see I'm talking in the present tense, and Prue would correct me, because with Maddie in prison all these years I should say *was* for *is*. But what I mean is, Maddie's people have been here so long, so much longer than any one else's, and she knows so much about all the families who settled in Westlea and built our town, she is sort of a local authority. Whenever the Evening Register runs a story about olden times in Westlea, or an obituary on one of the Craigs, Jenkinses, Fothergills, or Goodriches, they always send their reporter around to interview Maddie.

Maddie always knows everything that happens in our town. Sometimes she seems to know things before they happen, but even when her gossip is more fiction than fact it's funny how often she turns out to be right in the end. Maddie's lived by herself for years and years in the old Frink house on the highway near Four Corners. She's imaginative, and since she hasn't any real life of her own, the best she can do is project herself into other people's lives. I've heard her called a "busybody" and "old maid." Maddie is an "old maid," but she wouldn't be a bit different if she'd been married six times. She simply has that peculiar capacity for *knowing* what people think and feeling what they feel. I've often thought that she might have been a great actress, like Helen Hayes, except for the way she looks. Maddie is little, with a skinny, scrawny figure, stringy hair, and eyes that are much too big and bright for her face. But those eyes *see*, if you know what I mean.

As for the business about being an "old maid," that's nonsense. Except for a technicality, I'm an "old maid" too. Twenty-five years ago come December I married a lieutenant in the army, in Albany. My husband left the next morning to join his regiment in New York. Four months later I got one of those War Department telegrams. He died in a field hospital behind the Somme.

So when Maddie said, "He was a tall man. Very tall," every one in the room felt uncomfortable. Some of the mothers looked at each other and smiled in an uncertain way, as though trying to decide whether to take Maddie seriously or laugh at another one of her stories. Clara Evans seemed quite put out. She sat up very straight in her chair and said, "Really, I never heard anything so ridiculous in my—"

But there was some strange excitement in Maddie's voice and face, and I cut off Clara Evans.

"Go on, Maddie," I said. "What happened?"

"I went out to get a little air after supper," she said, staring at me with those bright, bright eyes of hers. "I walked up the road to Four Corners, and I just stood there for a few minutes, doing nothing. It was quite dark, and there weren't any cars on the road. From where I stood I could see the back of the Bissells' house through the bushes, and I remember I wondered then why there weren't any lights on."

"If there's a word of truth in this, why on earth didn't you tell Bert—I mean, the police?" Clara Evans broke in.

"Why, I don't know," Maddie answered, still staring at me. "One of them came around the morning after she was killed, and asked whether I had seen any strange men in the neighborhood that evening, or whether anything peculiar had happened. He didn't tell me Mrs. Bissell was dead, and I didn't hear about it until that afternoon."

"BUT you told us you *saw* a *strange* man coming out of the back door of the Bissell house!" Clara Evans exclaimed. "I should think you would have told him *that*."

"No," Maddie said, and her voice was fainter now. "I didn't say that. I didn't say it was a strange man."

Something like a chill came over me. I think I had a premonition then of what was coming.

"What? You mean you saw who it was?" Clara again.

"I was standing on the side of the road at Four Corners, looking over toward the Bissell house through the bushes. I was ready to walk on home again, when the back door opened and a man came out. He was carrying something in his hand. He walked around the house to the road, and along the road toward the Corners. But he didn't come all the way out to the highway. Where that big swamp is, at the end of Frank Shoemaker's cornfield, he left the road. I didn't see him after that."

"But, Maddie, it was dark," I said. "This man was quite a ways away from you. You couldn't have seen his face."

"No. I didn't see his face," she said. "But I saw the way he walked."

"The way he walked?"

"Yes. He walked with a limp. His left leg was stiff."

I knew, before she said it, but I shrieked with the rest of them. There is only one tall man in Westlea whose left leg is stiff and who walks with a limp. He is Dr. Bissell.

As I look back on it now, and think of the way events have a way of piling up on top of one another in a person's life, all bunched together, I'm not surprised that the telephone rang not five minutes after that. It was my brother-in-law, Allan Morrison, in New York, telling me that my sister Eleanor had died suddenly that afternoon.

Eleanor was almost seventeen years younger than I am, and she had a girl of eleven and a boy of six. My brother-in-law Allan was in a daze, and there was only one thing for me to do. I called Dr. Keyes, our high-school principal, and told him what had happened. Then I packed and got on the night train and went to New York. I expected to stay a week or two, until Allan could make arrangements about the children. But I kept house for him for six weeks, and got back to Westlea just in time for commencement, in the middle of June.

SO all that time the news I got about Maddie and the murder came secondhand. Of course the story was all over town before I was even on the train that night, and they kept Maddie in the police station for almost three days. Hubert Evans questioned her. So did most of the men on the force. Then the state troopers questioned her. Then the selectmen had their turn, and an alienist from Springfield, and most anybody else who wanted to. It was awful for her, but Westlea was in a dither. Maddie had accused one of our most prominent citizens of murder.

Personally, I never liked Dr. Bissell. I know he was considered the best doctor in our part of the state. He had articles in the medical magazines all the time, and was head of the Franklin County Hospital. Everybody in town always said how lucky it was that Dr. Bissell was willing to stay in Westlea, instead of going to Boston or Hartford or New York, where he could have been a big specialist. Some of the women got silly about him, because he had good looks, in a way. He had a big head, brown eyes, and dark skin, and a loose mouth with thick lips. He always wore beautiful new clothes, and the women thought it was romantic, the way he limped.

The reason I didn't like him was because of the time at the auction when they sold Madge Smith's things. She was our district nurse, and we used to see a lot of each other. She had some beautiful things in her house, one being a pair of Staffordshire china dogs that I always admired. Madge offered to give them to me, but I told her no, you keep them until you pass on and leave them to me, and I'll leave you that Aaron Willard grandfather clock of mine if I pass on before you.

That was just joking, but Madge died and didn't leave a will, and everybody knew she wanted me to have those china dogs. So I went to the auction intending to buy them, but Dr. Bissell was there too, and he has more money than I have. He kept bidding and bidding against me, until I couldn't keep up with him. The reason I didn't like him wasn't because he bought the dogs, but because of the way he looked at me. When the auctioneer knocked down those dogs, Dr. Bissell half turned around and grinned at me. But it wasn't friendly, and I don't think he really cared whether he got Madge's dogs or not.

He grinned because he wanted to have his own way, and had it.

About a week after I started keeping house for Allan, the New York papers got hold of the Westlea murder.

At first they made fun of Maddie. One paper, I remember, printed the worst picture I ever saw of Maddie, and the best picture I ever saw of Dr. Bissell, side by side. "Massachusetts Maiden Says Hedunit," was the headline of the story.

But they didn't make fun of her after the first week. Because the police had to investigate Dr. Bissell. At first nobody in town believed Maddie but, even so, the police had to do something about it.

They found out some funny things.

The first thing they found out was that for two years Dr. Bissell had had an apartment in Boston—in Cambridge, rather, near Radcliffe College—leased under the name of Mr. Buxton. The apartment wasn't empty when the police went there. There was a girl, very young, blonde, pretty, and sweet, and very much in love with Mr. Buxton. When the police talked to her the first time, she had never heard of Dr. Bissell. She had been living with Mr. Buxton, whose wife didn't understand him. They were going to be married,

"The reason I joined the army was to get away from this sort of thing."

"Wait'll you see what this thing does to trees!!"

and soon. The papers didn't say any more, but every one knew what they meant. The Bissells had no children.

The next thing the police found out was that Dr. Bissell wasn't at the medical convention the afternoon of the murder. He checked in at the Statler Hotel the night before, and at the morning session he read his paper on rural malnutrition. Then he had lunch with some of the doctors at the convention, and at two he went into the auditorium with them for the afternoon session. He took a back seat, and apparently slipped out soon afterwards without being seen. At three thirty the chairman called him up to the rostrum, because a doctor from the U. S. Public Health Service was at the convention and heard his paper in the morning, and wanted to talk to him about it. But Dr. Bissell didn't answer. They called his room, but he wasn't there, either. The U. S. Public Health Service man kept calling him every hour, and didn't get any answer up to nine o'clock, when he took a train to Washington.

Dr. Bissell went back to the Statler about half past eleven that night. He had his key in his pocket and didn't stop at the desk, but his room was almost opposite the elevator shaft, and the operator recognized him, because the night before, the bellboy who carried his bag up had said, "Gee, the old geezer in 423 gave me four bits."

Then the police found out that Dr. Bissell had given the blonde girl a small roadster as a Christmas present. And about three o'clock on the afternoon of the murder he arrived at the apartment in Cambridge and asked for the key to the car. He said he had to go to New Bedford on business. At eleven o'clock that night the garage pick-up man came by on his motorcycle, and saw a tall man standing in the vestibule of the apartment house, dropping something into one of the mailboxes. It was the car key, the blonde girl said. She found it in the morning.

A fast driver can make Boston in two and a half hours from Westlea. The police went to every filling station and hot-dog stand on the highway. No one had seen the roadster, but you don't have to take the highway from Boston to Westlea. There are back roads with few people, few filling stations. It takes longer, but only an hour longer.

About a mile north of the Corners, near where the tramp said he found the knives and forks in the grass, is a little lane that runs off to Frank Shoemaker's orchard. The police thought Dr. Bissell probably parked the car in the lane, and walked across the fields to his house. But of course the rain washed away all the tire marks, if there were any.

They never did find the gun that Mrs. Bissell was shot with. But the bullets that were taken from her brain were .38-caliber, and several people in town remembered that at one time the doctor had owned a .38-caliber automatic pistol, with a fancy carved mother-of-pearl handle, given to him by a grateful patient. It had been a long time since any one had seen the pistol, and Dr. Bissell said at the trial that the gun had been stolen several years ago. But the police thought maybe he was carrying the gun in his hand when Maddie saw him come out of the house that night, and that he threw it into the swamp. They had men wading around in the muck down there for two weeks, but they never found anything. That swamp is fed by underground springs and covers more than an acre. There are parts of it that are a regular quicksand, and some of Frank Shoemaker's cows have gotten stuck in the mud and died.

Every so often our selectmen talk about having the swamp drained, because it breeds mosquitoes, but it would cost around $80,000, and nothing has ever been done about it. One of the New York newspapers talked about having the job done to find the gun, but they gave up the idea when the contractors told them how much it would cost.

SO, on the strength of all these things they found out, the grand jury indicted Dr. Bissell for murder, and when I went back to Westlea in June he had been on trial for a week. It was a wonderful piece of luck for Mr. Coates, the district attorney, because he was up for reelection in November, and the publicity certainly didn't do him any harm. In fact, the last I heard, he was being mentioned for the state Supreme Court.

All during the trial Dr. Bissell wore his beautiful new suits and looked so serious and calm and handsome that Mr. Coates looked pretty silly, shaking his finger and making speeches to the jury and carrying on as though he was in the movies.

The first few days they heard the testimony of the police officers who had made the investigation. Then they brought in the girl who had been living in the apartment in Cambridge. A good many women in town said some pretty hard things about her, but I really felt sorry for the poor little thing. She came from some little town out West, and had no family, and was pregnant, and

seemed completely bewildered by what was going on. But she had enough spunk to stand by Dr. Bissell. She told the court she was still in love with him no matter what he had done, and that she wanted to marry him.

Of course Maddie Frink was at the trial all that week, but Mr. Coates was saving her for the last, and as a matter of fact the whole case depended on her testimony. The police had proved a motive, and had proved that he wasn't at the medical convention where he was supposed to be, and that he could have driven up from Boston and back again to murder his wife. But they hadn't found the gun, and no one except Maddie could place him anywhere near the scene of the crime. Dr. Bissell told a plausible story, and stuck to it. He said that he had suddenly felt bilious after lunch, and wanted to be out in the fresh air instead of sitting in the stuffy ballroom where they had the convention. He went to the girl's apartment, got the car key, and told her he was going to New Bedford on business simply because—he said—he felt like being by himself, and I could understand perfectly well what he meant.

So, he said, he drove out to the reservoir in Brookline, and then went walking in the Arboretum and spent most of the afternoon there. Along toward five o'clock he drove back to Boston, and decided to go to a movie at a theater on Tremont Street. He had his ticket stub, and described the movie and also the newsreel and cartoon. Afterwards he was hungry, and went to a restaurant on the water front, near Faneuil Hall. He went in there a little after ten o'clock. One of the waiters remembered him, because he ordered venison steak, and asked for a special Burgundy wine that they didn't have to go with it.

It was a very *natural* kind of a story, and the way he told it made people believe him. I know a lot of people were on his side, in spite of the evidence against him. But then Maddie testified, and that afternoon the newspapers practically had him electrocuted. One paper I still have said, "Fiend's Guilt Proved," all over the first page.

That was the way things stood when I went back to Westlea. The next day was expected to be the last one of the trial. Mr. Coates had his summation all ready, and could hardly wait to start acting like Lionel Barrymore the next morning.

Maddie met me at the station that evening, and invited me to spend the night at her house. I was glad to, of course, because with my house shut up all that time I would have had to go to the Commercial House.

But I could tell right away that something was wrong. I never saw Maddie looking so tired, or acting so strange and edgy. Two things I remember about her especially. The first was that she hardly said two words to me, and she's the biggest talker on earth; and the other was that she drove very fast, but without making any mistakes. Maddie usually drives about twenty miles an hour, but talks so much that she never sees where she's going, and gives you heart failure every time she turns a corner.

Supper was the same way. She kept darting around the kitchen; couldn't seem to sit still. But she didn't talk. Once I said something and looked straight at her, and tears came into those big bright eyes of hers, but she jumped up and ran over to the icebox.

A little after nine o'clock I went to bed, in Maddie's room on the second floor. She doesn't have twin beds, but huge old double beds, facing the windows. Maddie insisted on staying down in the kitchen to clean up, and wouldn't hear of hav-

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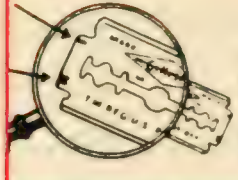
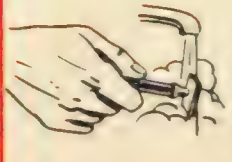


3 TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated at left identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves



4 CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

ing me help her. There was a full moon that night, and the trees and fields outside were all silver. Off in the distance I could just see the roof of the Bissell house. The air felt soft and good and was full of the noise of the insects. I felt worried about Maddie, but I fell asleep.

It was three o'clock when she woke me up. The moon was down then, and she turned on the light on the bedside table and shook my shoulders. I opened my eyes, and though I was only half awake I was shocked to see how she looked. She had been crying. Her eyes were red and she looked terribly tired and old. She had on an old pink kimono over her nightgown, and she sat on the edge of the other bed and rocked back and forth.

"I've done something terrible, and I got to tell you about it," she said. "I wasn't out on the highway that day at all. I was sitting here by the window, sewing, and I happened to look out and I thought I saw a man walking from the back of the Bissells'. But it might have been a shadow. I couldn't tell. It was too dark. And I couldn't say who it was, even if it was a man. But I did say so today, in court. I don't know what came over me. That afternoon when I went to your tea, I was just showing off. That Clara Evans made me mad. I just—said it. And it's a lie, an awful lie. I meant to tell the police, but then they found out all that about the doctor, and Mr. Coates kept after me so much and frightened me. Oh, Grace, I don't know what to do!"

I WAS awake then, all right, but I didn't have anything to say for a while. Because, like Dr. Bissell's story of what he had done the afternoon of the murder, this was *natural* somehow. I could understand how Maddie told her story when she did. But I didn't realize that my oldest and best friend—that old woman in the pink kimono sitting on the edge of the bed and rocking back and forth, back and forth—was guilty of perjury.

It is a serious crime, and neither of us had any more sleep that night. But there was only one thing to do. The next morning Maddie went to court and confessed.

WELL, there was such turmoil after that, I'm not going to try to describe what happened. Mr. Coates almost dropped dead when Maddie got up on the stand and repudiated everything she'd said the day before, and then stepped down with a brave little smile on her face, and I knew she was happy again.

The case against Dr. Bissell collapsed, and he left town that afternoon and hasn't been seen or heard from since. But he took the girl with him, and I understand that he married her. Where they are living I don't know, but I have an idea the police will find out within the next few days.

Maddie was arrested immediately, and was tried for perjury. I hired a very good New York lawyer for her, and he said he was sure he could get her off on an insanity plea. He had a couple of psychiatrists ready to come and testify, but I wouldn't have that, and neither would Maddie. She preferred state's prison to an asylum, and I agreed with her.

Mr. Coates turned the whole thing to his advantage in the end by making a wild speech in court, saying that Maddie was worse than Al Capone, had secretly been in love with Dr. Bissell, and tried to crucify him when she heard about the girl in the apartment in Cambridge. She was convicted that same day, and the judge gave her fourteen years. Fourteen years.

But I think she's served all her time. Last week, when I saw her in prison, she said to me, as she's said many times before, "Grace, I can't forget the way Dr. Bissell turned around and smiled at me that way." I don't suppose more than three people in the courtroom noticed, but I was one of them, and I'd seen that smile before. It was at the auction, when he bought Madge Smith's Staffordshire dogs, and grinned at me to show that he'd had his way again.

But I think he's had his own way for the last time. Because the army moved into Westlea a couple of months ago and took over Frank Shoemaker's cornfield and all the rest of the level land around Four Corners and started making an airfield out of it. Just a few days ago they worked down to that swamp at the end of the field, and Clara Evans stopped by this morning to tell me that in one of the shovelfuls of mud they dug up they found a rusty .38-caliber automatic pistol with a fancy mother-of-pearl handle.

THE END

Answers to Guess Who Said It?
on Page 55

1. John Philip Sousa.
2. Albert Einstein.
3. Alexander Woollcott.
4. Bob Fitzsimmons.
5. Goethe.
6. Alexander Graham Bell.
7. Marie Dressler.
8. Lloyd George.
9. Robert Burns.
10. Gloria Swanson.

DIRECT HITS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Much of Italy's navy has been destroyed, and the remnants hide in the protection of coastal guns. The British still control Gibraltar and Malta. These facts cause many lay readers of global events to ask: Why aren't the Allied Nations in complete control of the Mediterranean's sea lanes?

The reason is the vastness of the globe's largest inland sea—2,320 miles long (greater than the usually traversed width of the Atlantic) and 1,080 miles wide at its widest point. Total area of the Mediterranean is more than 1,000,000 square miles, which is sea room enough for all the navies of the world to play hide-and-seek.

Also asked is why 1,000-plane raids are not made each night over Germany now that we dominate heavy-bomber production. One limiting factor (among many prodigious problems involved) is the item of heavy explosives alone.

Assuming that each of the 1,000 bombers carried a net twelve tons each of high explosive, 24,000,000 pounds would be required for each raid. Our total *monthly* production of high explosives during the peak of World War I was only 30,000,000 pounds.

For years past the venerable old battleship Oregon has been moored in the Willamette River in Oregon, an historic shrine for thousands of Northwest children.

In the ceremonies dedicating her as a national monument a decade ago, President Roosevelt ranked the Oregon on a par with the Constitution, the Constellation, and Farragut's Hartford as a symbol of this nation's glorious naval past.

Recently the Oregon's 8,000 tons of steel attracted the navy's attention. The order went out: "Scrap her." Oregon citizens (already first in various phases of the national war effort, including per capita volunteers to the armed forces and per capita purchase of War Bonds) could make no public protest. The children had no spokesmen. No Oliver Wendell Holmes rose to plead in the Oregon's defense. Therefore the indomitable old ship will be handed over to the junk dealers.

LADY WITH WINGS—Continued from Page 15

Near the tail, where the fuselage had been punctured by bullets, a rag was burning. It was oil-soaked. It gave off a smudge of gray smoke, and its tiny flame was like a red flare that illuminated the entire conical tail.

Lennie didn't say a word to Andy Rogers. He had enough to keep him busy. She dropped to her knees and pulled herself up into the tail.

She heard the rattle of Andy's guns as he strafed the sub, heard an echoing clatter as bullets raked a wing. At her right she could see tiny holes in the fuselage which hadn't been there five minutes ago. The Westcott was zooming again. She had to grasp whatever she could to maintain her position, and her eyes never left the smoldering rag.

When she reached it, she unstrapped her helmet with shaking fingers. Using that, she beat at the flame—beat it and crushed it until it was dead.

She didn't know that Andy had glanced back until he called in a grim voice, "Nice work!"

LENNIE crawled backward out of the tail. By the time she could struggle to her feet again and grasp the back of Andy's seat, he was shouting in rage.

"They're going down!" He yelled it as if the act were a personal affront. "A crash dive. They're afraid of us!"

The sub's gunners, Lennie saw, were scrambling into the conning-tower hatch. Perhaps they saw no profit in a battle of this sort. The Westcott was banking when the last man disappeared.

"There goes the other one too!" Lennie cried.

Andy went down to give the sub he had attacked first a final spattering of bullets. But it was wasted.

The U-boat's deck was already awash, its conning tower splitting the surface into silver spume. In a moment it went under, leaving a few figures to float on the swells. Andy Rogers circled over them. He flew low, at less than 400 feet, while he reported to Langley Field.

Lennie didn't want to watch the flounderings of those men in the sea. Yet her eyes were pulled down, and held down, inexorably. She had a sense of helplessness that was close to despair. It was hard to remember that these men had tried to destroy her and Andy and the plane. It was hard to remember they had probably torpedoed American ships, killed American men. Dying, beyond all hope, they had no nationality, no past. They were just men struggling on the swells.

"Steady," said Andy Rogers, seeing her white, strained face. "Steady, Lennie. We can't do anything for them."

She didn't speak.

"Their skipper couldn't risk waiting to pick 'em up," he pointed out. "Not with us overhead, ready to machine-gun anybody who showed. Not with our bombers on the way. A sub's more valuable than a few men—to the guys inside it."

She still couldn't tear her eyes from the dark figures in the water. The sight was making her sick, and Andy Rogers saw it. He started climbing. He went to 3,000 feet, high enough to leave the Germans invisible. There he circled.

"Got to wait for the bombers," he said.

He flew in silence. After a few minutes there was a crackling in his earphones. While he listened, a humorless smile twisted his lips.

"One of the other planes," he told Lennie, "just found that rubber boat we were hunting."

She hardly heard him. Groping out of a fantastic world of conflicts which still seemed blurred, she knew something strange and moving and revolutionary had happened to her, but she was too confused to understand it clearly.

HALF an hour later the Boeings came, twelve of them passing a thousand feet below the Westcott. Their wing-tips flashed signals, to which Andy answered. He made his final report by phone before relinquishing the submarine search. Then he banked and sent the Westcott droning homeward.

Lennie sat behind him, on the floor. Hugging lifted knees, she gazed up at the moon through the cockpit's cracked dome and tried to regain some sense of reality. The stars, the sea, the darkness—these were real and familiar enough. And yet tonight she felt like a stranger among them, bewildered, seeking her way out of a maze.

It seemed inconceivable that she had been the target of German bullets, that she had dived to attack Nazi raiders and had seen men die in the sea. Now that the tension of combat was gone, she was limp. Her nerves trembled. The fight was far behind—in another world.

Lieutenant Rogers glanced down at her. In slacks, windbreaker, and helmet, she looked like a boy. He saw the strain in her face, the exhaustion in the droop of her shoulders; and his eyes filled with the pain of guilt.

HARDTACK

"You don't begrudge mama a little bridge game, do you?"

"Lennie, I—wish I could tell you how I feel. What you did tonight—it sort of leaves a fellow choked up."

"Don't, Andy. Forget it!"

"Words do sound pretty foolish, don't they? All the same—any time you need a guy to go through hell for you, Lennie, just give me a ring."

"I'll remember." But she thought with a sting of bitterness, *My kind of hell is the kind I've got to go through alone, Andy.* Closing her eyes, she bent forward to rest her chin on her knees.

Andy said, "I guess you realize what we fell into back there. When we spotted those subs, I mean."

"It's quite a big thing, isn't it?"

"Big? It's big enough to make the guys in Washington start figuring new angles! After this maybe there won't be so much talk about secret Nazi bases on our side of the ocean and why the hell don't we find 'em! We've got the answer, Lennie."

"We've got one answer, anyhow."

"*The* answer!" he insisted. "Cargo subs bring fuel from Europe. They rendezvous the raider subs at sea, refuel 'em right here in our own waters. That way, the raider subs don't have to go home. They stay here, picking off our ships, while undersea tankers shuttle back and forth with fuel, torpedoes, food, supplies, men." He paused. "It's quite a thing to find out, Lennie!"

She looked up at him. In the moonlight he seemed a boy again, excited by his discovery. She couldn't help smiling.

"Maybe you're due for promotion."

"Nuts to that! Makes me feel like a heel, the idea of taking any credit. After all, if it hadn't been for you—"

"Andy!" She spoke with sudden sharpness. "None of that! The minute you put me down at my place we scratch this flight off the records. I was never in this plane. It never happened!"

"Uh-huh. I just dreamed it up." He shook his head. "Lennie, if you think I can ever forget—"

"It's not that I'm being magnanimous! If this ever gets out, I'll lose my license."

HEARING that, he fell into a long silence. They were flying south, following the dark line of the coast toward Chesapeake Bay, before he spoke again.

"Lennie," he said, "I can't figure you out."

"There's nothing to figure."

"This business of losing your license. You've probably got more flying experience than any man in the outfit. And what are you doing with it? Nothing. Flying? No. Here's the government practically *begging* for women like you, women who can ferry planes over the country. And you don't step up. I don't get it, Lennie. What good's a license if you don't fly?"

Her hands tightened their grip around her knees. She wished Andy Rogers would stop talking like that, would stop clawing at wounds that hurt.

But he pressed on blindly, with a note of exhortation. "Look. You're one of the best women flyers in the country. Why, you were big-time before I ever stepped into a plane. I remember the day somebody pointed you out at the canteen—it was like seeing Garbo. I thought the guy was kidding. He said, 'No. That's Eleanor Chase, all right.' I just stared at you, thinking of all the things I'd read about you. One of the country's top flyers—and what were you doing? Passing out cigarettes or coffee or something."

"That's got to be done, too, Andy."

"Sure. But anybody can do it. There aren't many, though, who can handle planes the way you can."

"Do you mind if we drop it? I—I'd rather not talk about my flying."

He looked around at her, puzzled. "It's just that I'm trying to find the right answer." he said. "I'd like to know what to tell those guys at the field."

That startled Lennie. She sat up straight. "You mean they *talk* about my flying?"

"Can't blame them, can you? Folks are bound to wonder why an ace flyer quits—especially at the time she's most needed. Why, when they organized the WAFS and you didn't sign up—"

SHE stiffened. He saw it, and it made him uncomfortable.

"Maybe I shouldn't be sounding off like this," he admitted. "I'm doing it only because—well, you know how I feel about you, Lennie. I'm for you from A to Z. And I'd like to be able to stuff a few guys' ideas down their throats."

"What—what have they been saying?"

"That's not important. It's what *you* say that counts. If—"

"I want to know, Andy! What do they say?"

He hesitated, with the distress of one who had maneuvered himself into an unhappy position.

"Come on," Lennie urged. "I can take it!"

"Well—it all goes back to that tough crack-up you had in the Rockies. Some of the boys think it scared flying out of you for keeps. *I* can't believe that. Not after to-

"I'm sorry, but the women's army is not considering having any hosts!"

night. And others think you don't fly any more because—" He stopped, had to force himself to finish. "Well, because flying probably makes you remember that navigator you used to have."

Lennie sat appalled, though she knew she might have expected this. The moonlight and Andy and the cockpit became blurred through tears she couldn't fight back. They welled up on a wave of despair and disappointment. She turned her head. Against all logic, she had tried to believe it was only the old crowd that had condemned her—the flyers who had known Eddie Bonham, too. In the boys at Langley Field she has seen new friends, a whole new generation of flyers who were divorced from the past and who accepted her as she was. She had loved them for that.

Now she'd been wrong. These boys who laughed and danced with her, these youngsters who had never touched a plane until the war seized them—even *they* had been poisoned by the virus of gossip. They hadn't let her see their thoughts. Nevertheless they had assumed the death of Eddie Bonham was something which must torture her conscience.

A SHUDDER went through Lennie, a feeling of helplessness and defeat. Her forehead sank to her chest and she closed her eyes again, tightly.

"I'm sorry," Andy said. "I'm telling you only because you asked—"

"I know. I know."

"Look, Lennie. Don't you see how quick you could slap all those guys down? Just fly again. Just show 'em the war is more important to you than anything they can say. If you joined the WAFS, that would *make* 'em shut up!"

"I doubt it, Andy."

"Does anybody make cracks about a man who enlists? Of course not. He figures he's got something to give, maybe his life, and he gives it. Folks don't talk about a man who does such a thing. I wish you could see it that way, Lennie."

She had a sudden embarrassed feeling that Andy Rogers understood her retirement from flying more clearly than she had dreamed.

"Fighting this war," he added, "is a hell of a lot more important than sitting home with a gripe."

She lifted her head to stare at him. Her eyes widened and she began to suspect that Lieutenant Rogers, for all his groping and awkwardness, had keen insight, and that he might be right. She still refused to consider enrollment in the WAFS as a means of silencing gossip. If she joined, there was bound to be a certain amount of publicity which must recall the Eddie Bonham disaster. But it was this other thing Andy had said that shocked her: *"Fighting this war is a hell of a lot more important than sitting home with a gripe."*

"Maybe I'm crazy—but I admire his nerve and frankness."

It struck her with the force of a revelation that she had been doing exactly that. Indulging a fear of facing people, hearing talk. For the first time, she was stunned by seeing it as cowardice—downright moral cowardice. She began to consider herself with amazement.

Andy asked, "Remember how we felt when we dived at the sub? How nothing mattered except getting it? Maybe I sound like a senator, talking like this. But it seems to me that's the only way we can live these days—feeling that nothing counts except winning this damned war. And if there's anything we can do to help win it, why, we go out and do it. We've got no right to hold back."

Stop it, Lennie thought, with a groan; *for heaven's sake, Andy, stop it!* He couldn't realize how cruelly his words lashed her. What he was saying was that she had no right to the seclusion in which she had found peace; that she ought to throw her knowledge of flying into the common pool, regardless of what it might cost in pride and pain. And because she knew, deep in her misery, that he was right, she could find no answer.

Some twenty minutes later she stood on the edge of Chase Field, holding her helmet by its strap and watching the Westcott roar up in the night skies.

A few minutes ago Andy had followed her out of the plane, tall, awkward, very young, trying again to utter some words of gratitude. She hadn't allowed him to waste time in the effort. And so, on impulse, he had caught her shoulders and kissed her. It hadn't been a lover's kiss—just an impromptu gesture, like a child's, but more articulate than all his fumbling phrases. Now he was gone, and the bewildering unreality of the past few hours was gone with him.

LENNIE gazed after the plane until it was a shadow vanishing among the stars. Then, with an uneasy start, she looked around at Amanda.

The enormous black woman had hurried out of the house as soon as she'd heard the Westcott circling overhead. The rest of the household, all four servants, were gathered in an awed group near the kitchen door.

"Amanda," Lennie said, "don't you or the others mention this to any one. If you do, I'll wind up in jail."

"I know it, child." Amanda was worried. "We ain't agoin' to tell, none of us. But you shouldn't 'a' done it. Not messin' around with no army plane!"

"I suppose not."

"I been fit to bust ever since you flew off."

Lennie smiled. A breeze, cool and salty, blew in from the sea, and she drew a long breath of it. Shaking back her hair, she walked toward the high-pillared porch, white in moonlight.

"Why that boy kiss you?" Amanda asked in suspicion. "He kissin' serious?"

"Heavens, no. It's just his way of saying thanks."

"Well, he's got peculiar ways." It was clear Amanda disapproved of them. "Seems like nowadays a kiss don't mean no more'n a how-de-do." And then, dismissing the whole matter with an impatient shake of her head, she remembered something else. "You ain't had no supper. I better fix them chops."

"No; I won't be able to eat."

"Looka here, child—"

"Please, Amanda. Just coffee."

Lennie went into the living room. Because the windows faced the sea, they were covered with blackout shades, and at night she invariably had a feeling of imprisonment here. She tossed the helmet and the windbreaker into a chair and lit a cigarette. A small fire crackled on the hearth. She stood in front of it, smoking.

The roar of the 1,250-horsepower motor seemed still to echo in her mind; its vibrations filled her body. She closed her eyes and tilted back her head for the sheer luxury of yielding to sensation, and the joy of lifting a plane into the skies came back to her. She was at the controls again, soaring over the sea with the incomparable sense of triumph and high adventure only flying could bring. The exhilaration of it tingled in her blood. For a moment the strain of the past months was forgotten. She rose out of this world.

WHEN at last she sat down, sighing a little, she knew there was no use deluding herself. She wanted to fly. She longed for it. And she *could* offer invaluable war service.

Yet her eyes were harried with doubt. To serve the government as a flyer meant joining the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron; there was no better place for her. They would send her to New Castle. They would send her, perhaps, to face Bill Keith on a military committee of admissions; and that in itself would be a trial. Afterward she'd work with those high-spirited women who used to fly with her before the war—the very women she had so desperately been trying to avoid.

Some of them, she knew, had always envied her. At any rate, they had envied the family wealth which had enabled her to equip her planes with every new mechanical improvement the instant it was produced; wealth which had made her spectacular headline flights possible. And since the tragedy of Eddie Bonham their envy had probably changed to contempt, even to hatred. She knew it. She had never forgotten the way Doris Taggart had turned her back in the Shoreham lobby.

No, it wouldn't be easy to live with that crowd. It could become torment. What she had to decide was whether the satisfaction of flying—of getting into the war, as Lieutenant Andy Rogers had put it—would be sufficient compensation for such an ordeal. She wasn't sure. Her gaze remained troubled and irresolute.

Amanda brought coffee on a Sheffield tray; toast and marmalade, too. She left it on a small table in the warmth of the fireplace. And Lennie, staring into the flames, forgot it.

She thought of Andy muttering that the only way to live in these days was with the conviction that "nothing counts except winning this damned war"; Andy telling her that fighting was "a lot more important than staying home to gripe." And she recalled, too, the sense of her own cowardice which had overwhelmed her while she listened to him.

That was what stiffened her now—a feeling of cowardice. She rose abruptly, her face hardening. She finished puffing at the cigarette, flicked it onto the hearth. A moment later she was at the telephone, telling the long-distance operator:

"I want to talk to Major William F. Keith at the Army Air Base at New Castle, Delaware. Person-to-person. This is Miss Eleanor Chase. . . . Will you call back, please? Thank you."

Her heart hammered as she put down the telephone to wait. She paced the room. Without goading herself into a theatrical spirit of patriotism, she knew that pride wasn't much to sacrifice at a time like this—not while boys like Andy Rogers were offering life.

When the ring came, her whole body responded. It seemed to congeal. She went to the phone and said, "Yes?"

"Ready with Major William Keith," the operator said. "Go ahead, please."

She uttered a quick "Hello?"

And then, for the first time in almost a year, Lennie heard Bill Keith's voice, deep and firm as ever. It could still rouse a hard throbbing in her. His surprise, though clear, was restrained. Bill seemed to be on guard.

"Yes, Lennie?"

"BILL—" Her hand gripped the edge of the telephone table. "Bill, I'm calling about the WAFS. I understand you sit on the military committee that—that interviews applicants."

There was a brief silence. Then he said, "Don't tell me *you're* thinking of joining."

"I am!"

"Rather a sudden change, isn't it? I thought you were through with flying."

"I've never been through. What—what do I do to join, Bill?"

He hesitated. "You come down here, with all your papers, to see the Director of Women Pilots. That's Mrs. Nancy Harkness Love."

"I—see."

A subtle change came into his tones—a touch of dryness. "Perhaps we ought to talk this over, you and I, before you do anything. I'd like to know just what you have in mind."

"I have nothing in mind except—well, you *need* women flyers, don't you?"

"Certainly. All we can get. . . . See here, Lennie." He became the blunt military man with the faintest trace of harshness. "I realize it's a long time since you made the headlines. But you're going at it the wrong way. We don't allow personal publicity. Even in a case as distinguished as yours."

"*Bill!*" she cried. And when the first stab of pain passed, leaving her shaken, she could feel resentment blaze up in her like fever. He had no right to talk like this. It was horrible and unfair.

Bill Keith seemed unaware of it. "When were you planning to come?" he asked.

RHYME WITH REASON

If I had known that frankness could
At times be most distressful,
I haven't any doubt I should
Have been much more successful.

—*MARGARET MOCHRIE.*

FOOTNOTES

Commuter.

"Tomorrow—any day. But, Bill, it's not because I want—"

"All right. There'll be a pass at the gate. You'll be brought to my office. Just come *alone*, Lennie."

"Of course I'll come alone. Who on earth—"

"I mean no photographers. No newspapermen. Nobody to get a spread for Eleanor Chase joining the WAFS. We don't do things that way. Anything else you want to know?"

"No!" She was trembling, her face white with fury. "Thank you, no!" She managed a "Good-by!" and put the telephone down in its cradle.

It wasn't until later, when with trembling hands she had lit a cigarette, that she remembered this was exactly the kind of reception she had dreaded. She could hardly have expected anything else. And she knew she mustn't let it stop her. She mustn't let Bill Keith or any of them block her now. Here was the first test of stamina she had encountered. She had to smash through it, and through Bill Keith's cynicism, ignoring it, impervious to it. That was the only way to go to war. Damn the torpedoes!

THE taxi, finishing a six-mile run from the Wilmington station, squeaked to a stop at the main gate of the New Castle Army Air Base.

There were soldiers on guard at the entrance, men of the same good-humored breed she knew at Langley. As Lennie stepped out of the cab, they brightened, dropped all conversation to watch her come toward the gate.

In former days, when she had so often been met by cameras, she had learned to dress in a way that would please even jaded news photographers. And she hadn't lost the habit. With a gray-blue tweed coat hanging over a gray-blue tweed suit, with a beret of blue suède tilted back on her copper-colored hair, she would have delighted cameramen today, too. Her straight slimness supported clothes well. Her wartime rayon hose in no way marred the perfection of her legs. The soldiers smiled hopefully.

A pass was waiting, and one of the guides led her to Major Keith's office in Post Headquarters.

Lennie did her utmost to appear calm as they walked. Though her nerves felt tight at the prospect of facing Bill Keith, she was determined to be at ease with him, in spite of anything he might say.

A few bombers circled overhead and a few more were on the field. She saw the mud-gray buildings with which she'd become familiar at Langley. There was something reassuring in them. Each exactly like the others, they seemed to symbolize the leveling spirit of the army. Once you became a part of them, she thought, perhaps it no longer mattered whether you had been Eleanor Chase, headline flyer, or Jane Doe. You lost your identity in the common uniform; you became one more weapon in the armament of war.

Well, that was the way she wanted it to be.

"Where are the women?" she asked. "The WAFS?"

"You don't see many of them around this time of day," her guide answered, with a grin. "They're kept pretty busy."

THEN he pushed a door. In Post Headquarters typewriters clattered, and despite the sound it seemed to Lennie that she could hear the pounding of her heart. It beat much too fast as she accompanied the soldier along a corridor. She was annoyed with herself; her nervousness made her frown. The guide motioned to an open door. As she crossed the threshold she couldn't help holding her breath.

"Miss Chase, sir," the soldier said.

Major Bill Keith looked up from papers on his desk. He stared a second, startled by her appearance, then pulled a stubby pipe out of his mouth and rose. As he glanced over her slim tweed-clad figure, a little smile began to tug at his lips. For a second—an instant that lifted her heart—Lennie could have sworn he was glad she had come.

But, to her dismay, the light died out of his eyes. It was, she thought, as though he had just remembered Eddie Bonham.

"Hello, Lennie," he said. "Come in."

She didn't at once go forward. She stood helpless, astonished by the change not only in his mood but in everything else about him. The uniform accentuated the depth of his chest, made him seem taller, more solid. And his face—the lean dark sensitive face which could so swiftly become sardonic, even bitter—had aged. It had been toughened, with new deep lines around the mouth.

"Come in, Lennie," he repeated. "Sit down." He stepped around the desk to hold back a chair. "You look remarkably well."

"Thank you, Bill." It was difficult to realize what she was saying. His aloof manner disconcerted her. He allowed himself no deviation from strict formality, and she felt as if she were being asked to take a witness chair. She sat down, pale in spite of all previous resolutions.

As he went to his own seat, she watched him with increasing consternation. Something, she could see, was wrong. He was trying to suppress anger, for a reason she didn't understand. This coldness couldn't have anything to do with Eddie Bonham.

"My kid talked today. He said 'Socko.'"

"Bill," she said, "what—what is it? What's the trouble?"

He looked at her. "Still ready to do anything for a column of newsprint, aren't you?"

"No! I'm not doing this for—"

"Last night," he interrupted, "I tried to make it clear we don't permit that kind of thing."

"But I *don't* want publicity! I'm here because I want to fly!"

"Really?" He spoke between puffs as he relit the pipe. "Purely patriotic motives, I suppose?"

"Yes!"

"Prompted by what?"

"By—by the same thing that made *you* enlist. I just want to do what I can."

"I see. And if the papers play it up a bit, so much the better. That it?"

HER resolve to be calm, no matter what he said, was beginning to crack. Her eyes flared in anger, and she said, "Bill, you're being horrible."

"See here, Lennie. How many newspapermen have been told you were coming here today?"

"None!"

"Oh, come."

"None, I tell you!"

"Kept it locked deep in your heart, did you?"

"If you want to put it that way, yes. Not a soul knows I'm here."

Bill Keith shook his head. "Lennie," he said, reaching for a slip of paper, "you're priceless." He read from the paper: "Ever hear of Stanley Race and James Ferbly?"

"No."

"Race works for Associated Press, Ferbly for United. They both phoned our Public Relations officer this morning. Wanted to know if it would be all right to come out with photographers to get shots of Eleanor Chase as she signed up today. Good publicity to stir enlistments in the WAFS, they assured us."

Lennie was stunned. She stared at Bill Keith with bewilderment that verged on panic. When she answered, her voice was choked. "Bill, I—I don't know anything about this! I can't understand how—"

She stopped. He leaned back, crossed his legs, and through the smoke of his pipe he smiled at her with all the old cynicism.

"You really haven't changed a bit, have you?" he said.

Can Lennie buck Bill's cynicism, his suspicion of her motives? Will he approve her application to join the WAFS? When a girl's determination and a man's stubbornness meet, there are bound to be sparks—and drama. You'll find plenty of both in the next chapter.

TRICKS of TRADES

Making It "Gennulman"

A FAMOUS producer putting out an epic Western noted that one of his leading actors had slipped up on his drawl. In one scene it was painfully evident that the character had said "gentleman" in sonorous accents rather than "gennulman." Instead of calling back the actors for an expensive retake, the director performed what soundmen called a "miracle operation." He took the sound track, cut out the *t* in "gentleman," and got the desired effect.

Cattle on a Hill

SMALL ranchers in the Southwest who want to show off their cattle to the best advantage to prospective buyers endeavor to get them together on a small rise or sloping hill. Placed thus, they look larger and appear to be in better shape than if looked at any other way.

A Free Fill of Ice

KNOWING that a telephone call for an ice bag usually means an emergency such as an attack of appendicitis, one smart pharmacist in Brooklyn fills it with ice from his fountain and delivers it ready for immediate use. He is not only a good Samaritan but also wins much trade and good will that way.

Bags and the Bellhop

WHEN you go to a hotel with luggage, you are automatically extended credit. At least, since it's difficult to leave with your luggage without paying, the hotel takes a chance that your bag and its contents will reimburse them for the amount of the unpaid hotel bill if you skip.

Many hotels have bellhops that know their luggage. If a bag is cheap, the bellhop suspects that the guest has ideas about staying for only a few days or a week, then leaving an unpaid bill far in excess of the cheap bag, which is often found to contain rocks or bricks.

When such a bellhop suspects a guest from the appearance or feel of a bag, he will place the bag in a horizontal position on the lobby floor directly in front of the room clerk, instead of in the usual vertical position. As soon as a room clerk catches such a signal, he will ask the guest for payment in advance, even though he has baggage.

Pigeons Know Their Oats

THE drug ergot, which has a wide application in the treatment of human disease, is made possible through a disease in oats. Laboratory workers, in the absence of any machine to do the work, had long been forced painstakingly to pick out by hand the affected grains from the healthy oats to secure the drug; until one day a bright worker conceived the happy idea of putting New York City pigeons to work. Now large shallow trays of the mixed diseased and healthy grains are put out by a large metropolitan drug company each morning, and in a short time the trays are cleared of all but the ergot-affected oats, which the birds refuse to touch.

Cutting Slip Covers

MANY thousands of women in this country sweat and cry over the job of cutting slip covers. Most of them cut and pin the fabric over the entire chair. Instead, they ought to get the exact center of the chair first, by measurement, then double the cloth and cut just half of it. This makes both sides identical, and also makes matching easier. In this procedure they must bring their material face to face, or they will finish with two right sides, or *vice versa*.

Electrons Kept Straight

FOR the building of an electron microscope—which will enlarge objects from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 times their normal size—a major difficulty was in keeping a stream of electrons straight. The electrons kept bumping into molecules of air on their way to the target and disturbing the focus of the microscope. This was finally solved by an extremely sensitive air pump, which created the world's most perfect vacuum. It sucked out all but one in 100,000,000 molecules of the air!

[Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.]

Bunch of old relics and stuff. Some good bronze among it."

"You mean—she gave away his archaeological relics to the scrap drive?"

"And his books to the USO."

"The soldiers will be wild about the colonel's library on obscure mythology," I admitted. Then I cried, "But of course!" I was remembering the old story of the poverty-stricken couple who gave the very last of their food to two strangers who, as a reward, charmed their pitcher so that it never was empty. "Philemon and Baucis, and the miraculous pitcher! Come on, Ed!"

MRS. WHITTERN is a decided woman who never has had much truck with townfolks. Her husband, the colonel, was retired years ago by the army because of a bad heart, and he'd buzzed around the world collecting odd junk until he died last summer—of a broken heart, we thought, because he couldn't get back on active duty.

"Yes," Mrs. Whittern said defiantly and as if it was none of our business, "I threw some junk away. Do I want to live in a museum? I can hardly get around now, as it is, without tripping over some what not."

"Well, there was a miraculous pitcher—"

She stiffened. "I won't discuss it!"

I got out pad and pencil. "May I quote you to that effect?"

It worked, as it generally does. People have a horror of being misunderstood in print.

"To tell the truth, Mr. Crawford," she said, unbending, "that pitcher was the cause of some domestic friction, and I'd rather you said nothing about so personal a matter. You see, the colonel brought it back from one of his trips some years ago, and he insisted on drinking milk from the filthy thing. I think it might have hastened his death. An old pitcher nobody knows where it's been or how many germs are in it!"

I coughed politely. "Now, this pitcher . . ."

"Oh, I admit it was odd," she admitted. "But the colonel had other things just as strange. A toad he found embedded in a pocket of the solid rock, which he claimed had lived a million years, for instance. I set it loose, of course. . . . But it isn't as if we couldn't afford to buy milk. And why take risks? Milk should be pasteurized and come from tested cows. And, anyhow, it was sour."

"What do you mean?" Ed said.

"Yes, Mrs. Whittern?" I said diplomatically.

"Well, that's all. The thing was a nuisance. If a pitcher's upside down you're always worried it'll fall over and break. But unless it was that way, it would always be full of milk. And if you forgot it a few days you'd have cottage cheese, or worse, maybe moldy if you didn't watch out. And when you'd go to wash it, you had to keep it upside down all the time—and how could you really clean it? Yet the minute you'd tip it up, here comes the milk and ruins your dishwater. It's just too much bother, Mr. Crawford."

"Whew!" Ed said as we walked away. "No wonder the colonel had a bad heart!"

"And no wonder the milk is sour for her."

"Where'd she get that stuff?"

"According to the legend of the miraculous pitcher, as I remember it, the milk tastes to each person according to his disposition."

"You know, Will—couple of them assistant secretaries told me the stuff was sour. Maybe that's why they're assistants. . . . Look here, Will! We can do this ourselves! We can begin by furnishing the town's milk. Then the state. Then spread out—"

"By golly!" The possibilities were unfolding to me. "A siphon running night and day! Why, we could—"

"Release a million men from the farms to war factories! Like I tried to tell McNutt!" Ed yelled. "Relieve the dairy products shortage and use the cows for beef, like I would have told Wickard! Stabilize prices—no production cost at all; just handling—like I wanted to tell Nelson. Solve the food and man-power crisis, like I would of told Roosevelt!"

AND that's the way it was when we began, Mr. President. We just wanted to give what we had to the war effort, small as the contribution might be.

The first day, I just set the pitcher on the water-cooler stand in the office. When people came in to kick about their names being wrong in the paper or to ask for money or, occasionally, to renew a subscription, I'd give them a glass of milk and tell them they could have all they needed at a cent a quart.

I quickly found that you can't tell people the simple truth. If they don't understand something, they either get superstitious or simply refuse to believe what they see. Norm Morley, for instance, our chief of police. He watched me pour ten times as much milk out of the pitcher as it could hold, and then winked. "Pretty cute, Will. Nice trick." That explained it, and he was satisfied. The Rev. Sigbett, on the other hand, was on the fence, not knowing whether to embrace a miracle or cast out a devil. Dirk Ferguson, the high-school principal, examined it thoroughly, tested it in every way, and then, brushing off his hands, said, "Impossible. Don't believe it."

Before the day was over I'd just wink and say, "Advertising." And everybody took the pitcher as a matter of course from then on.

We hired a girl next day. Her wrist got tired, and we put a siphon in the pitcher. Everybody was happy, except that Ulrich Hawk, our local loan shark, got his penny back claiming his milk was sour, and old Ottilie Wofenden, whose tongue is hinged in the middle and barbed on both ends, brought hers back

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Let Me Prove What YOUR Mind Can Demonstrate

ARE you, like millions of others, tired of listening to the theories of better living? . . . Do you demand KNOWLEDGE of the actual methods by which you can *rise, master,* and *create* the things in life you wish?

Write for the free Sealed Book that tells how you may receive a sensible Secret Method of mind influence for study . . . used by thousands. Address: Scribe Q. S. W.

The ROSICRUCIANS
San Jose (AMORC) California

Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases **Cystex** (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying **Cystex**. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get **Cystex** (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. **Only 35c.**

Cystex
Helps Flush Kidneys

curdled. We got two more girls next day, and moved our plant into what used to be Ted's Radio Shop, next to the bakery. We put in a bigger siphon for more volume.

"They're coming from the towns around," Ed reported that afternoon. "Standing in line. We're doing a great thing for the nation, Will! But we got to have more outlets. How about a tank with spigots all around it? We'll soon be shipping, Will, supplying the country with fresh milk from coast to coast!"

"Wait a minute, Ed. The railroads couldn't spare the refrigerator cars these days. And don't get big ideas," I warned. I'm the cautious type, I guess, Mr. President. "Let's go easy. We'll only make the country's cheese and butter, to start with—with of course enough for the Allies."

I have written this in detail, Mr. President, so you would understand. Our manufacturing process is so simple that we can take it anywhere under one arm. It would probably be best, don't you think, for us to take over some big existing cheese-and-butter factory and use their facilities with our cost-free raw materials? You will readily admit, I think, that this is the biggest single development since the war began, and I am fully prepared for any investigation you, or, if by any chance you can't come in person, your representative, might wish to make.

Hoping to hear from you soon and with warmest regards, I am,

Yr humble & obt svt,
WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Personal

DEAR Mr. President:

I do not wish to pester you, but developments have been so rapid the past two days since my last letter that I must rush this to you air mail, since the matter is one which, I believe you must admit, is of gigantic importance to our war effort.

Now, I'd no more than mailed you my previous letter when Ulrich Hawk had a little talk with me. He, you will remember, is our local loan shark. He is a scrawny little nasty man.

"Well, Will," he said, coming into my office smiling—a bad sign, when he smiles—"you've got me. I've got to hand it to you. That miraculous pitcher will put me out of business."

"Business? What's it got to do with loans?"

"I mean the creamery business. I don't suppose you know I own the [illegible], lock, stock, and barrel," he said, grinning at my evident astonishment. "Have for years. I let the Mayberry boys run it and front for me because of—er—business reasons."

"Business reasons! A fine business!" I cried. I have not mentioned, Mr. President, not wanting to bother you with small affairs, that the local creamery is the sort of business you must have been thinking of when you talked of economic royalists. The price paid farmers for bulk milk is a scandal, and the price charged consumers an outrage. When a competitive creamery tried to start up three years ago, things went on reminiscent of the old Chicago days of prohibition. Nothing was ever proved, but everybody knows what was behind what happened. And then there was the fight over union-

WAR AND PEACE

Wartime is winter, when overhead
Dark branches dangle, seeming dead—
But there's a time when tempests cease
And brown boughs blossom. That is peace!

—HARRY LEE.

ization, with the farmers having to dump their milk until it was settled, and the townspeople going without. The Labor Relations Board had to step in before it was ironed out. Everybody had been puzzled by the Mayberry brothers, because they didn't seem that sort, really, to talk to. Now I understood. They didn't own the creamery any more, and hadn't for years. They were just a front for Ulrich Hawk, and probably only stayed on because they felt things would be even worse if Hawk took over directly.

"Will," Ulrich Hawk said, "I think you and me can do business together."

"What kind of business?"

"We could go to town with that miraculous pitcher. I've got the plant; you've got the raw material."

"How?" I acted dumb.

"Why, Will, the way you handle the thing makes me sick. A few girls passing out milk in a dinky store! Look, Will. We can corner the retail milk market for the whole state. We'll undersell everybody until they cave in, and then raise our prices to a fair profit. With cheese and butter we'll do the same, but nation-wide. There won't be a hunk of cheese or a pat of butter from coast to coast without our trade-mark. What do you say, Will?"

I told him what I thought of him.

He shrugged. He can't be insulted. "O. K. Then here's another proposition: You bleed about the poor farmers. If you'll just put that miraculous pitcher out of business and keep it there, I'll give them a fair price for their milk—same scale as the state capital."

"Retail price the same?"

He tightened his lips. Then he nodded.

"So you're scared," I said. "You must be scared, to agree to play fair."

"Sure I am," he admitted. "You can ruin me with that damned pitcher. But not without a fight, Will. Think it over."

"I'll give you my answer right now," I told him, and did so. I thought he was bluffing. But, Mr. President, he wasn't.

NEXT day the men from the unions started coming. They've all been nice, but the problem is a tough one. They don't want to picket me, but unless I go union, Ulrich Hawk has threatened to break his union contract. While he'd be brought into line eventually, it would mean trouble. Now, I'm willing to go union, but here is the situation:

The miraculous pitcher does give milk. Are my girls, therefore, milkmaids? Or are they hydraulic maintenance workers? Is the pitcher a machine, a dairy, or a factory? Am I manufacturing, processing, or merely distributing? Are my girls retail clerks, are they factory workers, are they farm hands, or are they waitresses? One union representative, who arrived wearing a black Inverness cape with white silk lining, maintains they are magicians. Inasmuch as milk ordinarily goes through several steps before arriving at the retail outlet, there is opinion that my girls should be (*a*) farmers, (*b*) milkers, (*c*) truck drivers, (*d*) dairy workers of all categories, (*e*) delivery salesmen, or (*f*) mechanics and maintenance workers who service and repair the machines and equipment that ordinarily are used in the steps we have eliminated.

Then there is the town council, which, prodded by Ulrich Hawk, is trying to decide whether to charge me with keeping a cow in the business district, or manufacturing in a restricted zone, or whether to license me as something or other.

I'd no sooner got done with the town council than I went into conference with a committee of farmers. Their milk checks, however

small, comprise their ready cash. They need that cash. They could turn their cows into beef and get work in war plants, but that would leave their farms idle, and food is needed to win the war. They urged me to take Hawk's proposition of closing down the miraculous pitcher on the contingency that he sign a contract with them for fair prices.

And then, today, I discovered that I was breaking about a hundred and twenty-seven laws. Have you any idea, Mr. President, how many laws regulate milk? Neither did I until the man called from the State Board of Health. Ulrich Hawk had, it seemed, put in a complaint.

"WHAT you're selling, Crawford," the state man said—his name was Whippletree—"isn't milk at all. . . . Yes, yes, I know!" he said when I protested. "I know all about the story of the miraculous pitcher. But milk, you see, is the secretion of the mammary glands of female animals. That's the definition. It doesn't matter what your product looks, tastes, and tests like; if it isn't milk it can't be sold as such. There's no argument about this; we've been through it all with margarine. You can't claim that the miraculous pitcher is a female animal, specifically a cow. No court would uphold it, and the law's the law.

"Now, for instance, Crawford, suppose we did call it milk. Just suppose. Then what? In this state, milk either has to be certified raw milk or else pasteurized. In either event, your herds, your barns, your milkers, your cooler—everything has to pass rigid inspection. And you haven't got all that stuff. Where does it leave me? . . . I'm helpless, Crawford. There's been a complaint. You're not obeying the law. It's not within my power to make exceptions. If you want to go to court, it's your business, and best of luck. I'm afraid you're going to have a stiff fight on your hands from the dairies. Yes, I remember margarine. . . . But, good luck, Crawford, and I hope you're well heeled. It might cost a million and take ten years, but, from what I've seen of your plant, it's worth it. All I can do now is close you up until it's settled."

"Close me up? You can't close me up! It's wartime! The miraculous pitcher might save the nation!"

Whippletree shrugged. "I'm helpless to do anything. Good luck."

He went out, and I saw Ulrich Hawk standing in front on the sidewalk, teetering on his heels, thumbs hooked in his vest, whistling.

And then Ed came running in, the pitcher under his arm and spilling gallons of milk as he ran.

"Will! Somebody tried to smash it! The pitcher! Don't know who it was! Couple of guys in a black car. Car stopped outside and one guy ran into the store and heaved a brick at the pitcher! Missed it by a hair! I grabbed it and come here in a hurry!"

And just then Ulrich Hawk sauntered in, grinning. A bad sign.

"Change your mind yet, Will?" he asked softly.

"I'll see you in hell first!"

"Might be sooner than you think, Will," he said.

When he left, Ed and I went into the back room. He emptied out the pitcher and, keeping it upside down, wrapped it in some newspapers and tied a hunk of string around them, to make a careless-looking bundle.

"Now, act nonchalant, Ed!" I warned. "Act like it's just some old laundry or something, and find a safe place to put it!"

"I know a place to put it," Ed said. He whispered to me. It is a marvelous hiding place, Mr. President. I will say no more until I see you personally, much as I regard the integrity of the U. S. mails. Wartime, you understand.

AND so that is how things are at this writing. Ed has just gone down the street, acting wonderfully nonchalant, tossing the bundle up and catching it (being careful to keep it upside down) and whistling. He will hide it, and we will take every precaution.

You will understand from what I have said, that you, or one very close to you, must handle this personally.

Nobody else could possibly straighten this out. Please advise me at your earliest convenience. If it is to be another secret trip, of course I shall understand not hearing from you to that effect. If you come incognito, I can put you up in mother's back bedroom, where you will have complete privacy.

Until then, I remain,
Yr humble & obt svt
WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

PC23 40 PRAIRIECENTER 5 816P
FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT
WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON DC

REDEEM TICKETS. UNPACK BAGS. IGNORE LETTER THIS DATE. WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU PERSONALLY BUT NOTHING NOW YOU CAN DO. HAVE MADE DEAL WITH ULRICH HAWK. AFTER HE SIGNED CONTRACT WITH FARMERS I TOLD HIM. ED DROPPED THE PITCHER. REGARDS

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.
THE END

A PRIVILEGE

We all look to the American Red Cross to take care of the men in our Armed Forces when care means so much to them.

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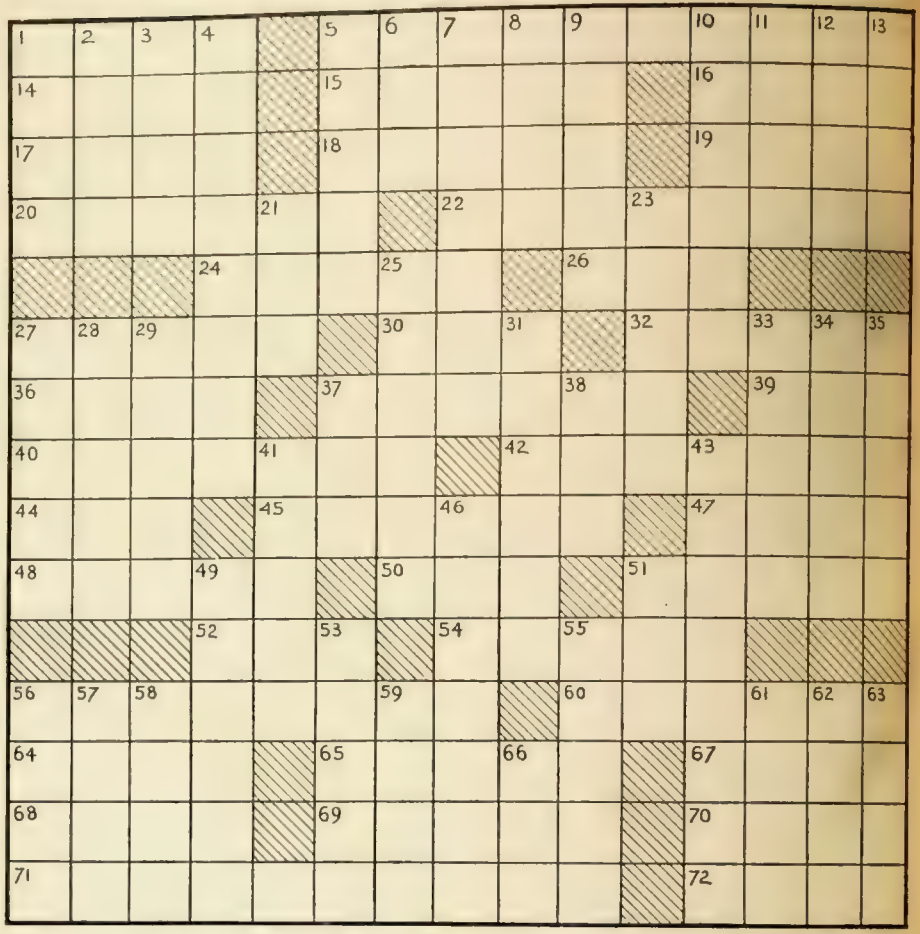
ZEMO

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE

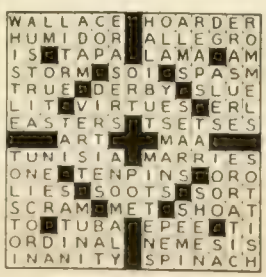


HORIZONTAL

1 Indoor sparking space
5 Fur-coated screwballs (two words)
14 It pays for a free subway ride
15 The Song of Hawaii
16 She gets way up on the high Cs, then goes into a screaming dive
17 A what's-ahead man
18 Soldiers like an attractive one from home
19 You'll find lots of these for $1 in the dime store
20 Stop manufacturing this, solve rubber shortage
22 The cut-rate dry cleaner's reputation was hardly this
24 What to do to the old hen when she falls off
26 Some have water on the brain; he has gin
27 Standard birthplace of politicians
30 Xantippe Exposed Underwear (abbr.)
32 Psunday psong
36 The boss of Olympus
37 When Jack Benny takes it on the chin, he sure squawks terribly
39 La Lillie, informal-like
40 A gentle Hitler, a tender Tojo, and a modest Mussolini would be what?
42 Kind of officers always found in English novels
44 Babies, it may mean the difference between your normal upkeep and your downfall!
45 It's been spread very thinly recently
47 Guy who Hitler'd be; the Noise of Ireland
48 Two most quarrelsome things I know
50 What he was after being hit in the head with a sword
51 The world's just one big one
52 Dummkopfs Esteem Hitler (abbr.)
54 Extinct Redmen
56 A woman's man
60 The song of the Rocky Mountain canary
64 Pertaining to the laity
65 Ruff female
67 What melancholy babies do
68 Guy who does all the work (abbr.)
69 Bib. Ex. VI:20
70 They're terribly ashamed of their descendants these days
71 Men who wear both belt and suspenders
72 Barberic cry, heard in clip joints

VERTICAL

1 Shane Simply Sanctifies Silliness (abbr.)
2 The common olive
3 There's no — like an oil —! (old New England saying)
4 The farmer's son, after graduating from agricultural college
5 Even this chirps Cheep-cheep! at the Nazis
6 A bit of a giveaway
7 Kind of nuts we like: if you pan them too much, they burn up
8 What testy folk carry on their shoulders
9 Darling, they're the most angelic hats!
10 People who should know better
11 It's most elevating to do this
12 These gals ribbed adam good fellow
13 Bucolic backchat
21 What little Turkish boys grow into
23 Sucks a bottle during manhood
25 Gets along without meat, sugar, coffee, butter, gas, and heat
27 They said goodbye to him in a book not long ago
28 The Lone Eagle's hangar
29 Kind of cheer heard around New York
31 Little squirts from down under
33 Dwell
34 One grad that came through
35 Thisa Carta sura wasa Greata
37 French fire
38 One of those Roman household gods
41 People played in his Doll's House for years
43 Man with a hay card
46 Things that run through girls' dormitories after lights out
49 Nazi requests
51 The backward era
53 How you gonna keep him down on the farm when he can earn $80 in defense?
55 Throat clearers
56 What big ears do in big winds
57 McGillicuddy likes to take his after his work
58 She hopes he'll give her a ring and stop calling her this
59 A hunka colon
61 What old maids live in
62 Part of pyramid hardest to sit on
63 What the Far East is to us
66 What the tramp drank up to save the drowning child

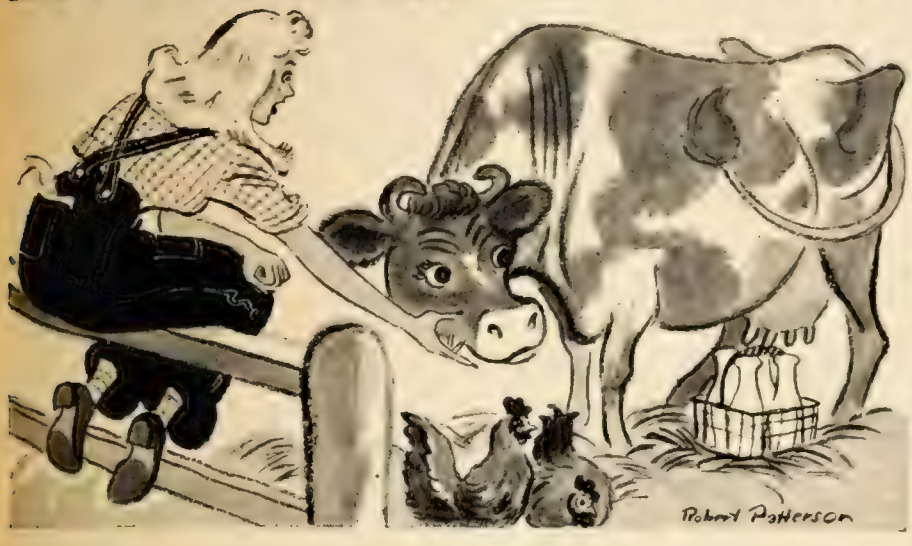


Feb. 27 Answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the March 27 issue.

DAFFY AND THE LOWING HERD

BY REITA LAMBERT



Huntsdale-on-Hudson,
Lt. Perry Cooper, U. S. N.,
Care Postmaster, New York.
Darling Perry:

Yes, I know I promised to do better about writing, but this is war and pigs have kept me so terribly busy and then Pinky running off like that only of course if he hadn't I never would have found the evidence so now everything is perfect and no lawsuit after all.

You remember the old Kenny farm outside the town don't you where we used to buy fresh eggs and chickens with the lovely view? Well when I heard it was going to be sold I had this marvelous idea. I mean I thought why shouldn't we Huntsdale people buy the livestock and raise it on our lawns because if Victory gardens for vegetables why not meat?

Well when I told Glad and Helen they thought it was marvelous too and so practical and patriotic and so did Molly Furness. So we all went to the auction and Helen bought some white chickens which would be stunning with her white Colonial house and Molly bid in a cow because her baby's going on the bottle soon and Glad bought two darling lambs for sweaters and maybe even chops later. I remembered how you like spareribs and decided on these two little pigs and Mr. Selby made a pen out of Lucky's doghouse.

It really was exciting and a piece in the paper about Fashionable Suburb Converts Lawns into Green Pastures and everything would have been all right if people hadn't started complaining. I mean about the roosters crowing and the lambs baaing and the cow mooing especially old Mr. Luther about my pigs smelling. You know that cranky old man in the place back of ours who was always preaching about the evils of alcohol because he's a teetotaler himself? Well he said it was against the zoning law for me to have Pinky and Whitey and very unpleasant when the wind was in his direction.

I said, "Who minds a little smell if it will beat Hitler?"

So he said it wouldn't because Hitler was used to smells like that. "But I'm not," he said, "and you'll get rid of those hogs, young woman, or I'll take it to court."

Well I was terribly blue especially later when Pinky got out of his pen and we found him in Mr. Luther's back lot digging in a trash pile. But while we were trying to catch him I noticed all these empty bottles that had been buried there with labels like Private Reserve and Ninety Proof on them and suddenly I was inspired. So I took a couple and went to see Mr. Luther.

"My pig found these on your property," I said, "and I guess you're right about a pig's place being on a farm and wouldn't it be lovely if some one bought back the Kenny farm and let us run it on shares for the town like one of those cooperative farms in Russia only no communism of course. And then our livestock wouldn't go digging up bottles like this and maybe embarrassing people."

So after he was a little calmer we talked it over and he was really sweet and of course even doctors prescribe it for weak hearts. So now our livestock is back on the farm and we all take turns helping and it's so romantic to see the lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea like Wordsworth. A thousand kisses darling from your own— DAFFY.

Makes Nose Feel Clearer In Seconds!

Get greater breathing comfort —quick—with the new, handy Vicks Inhaler. It's packed with effective medication that makes a cold-stuffed nose feel clearer in seconds! And you can use it as often as needed!

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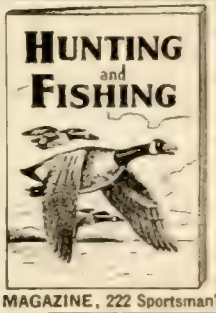
COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep. VICKS VAPORUB



HUNTING & FISHING is a monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping, dog and boating stories and pictures, invaluable information about guns, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to fish and hunt—countless ideas that will add more fun to your days afield.

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And Also Relieve Distress of 'Periodic' Female Weakness!

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Pinkham's Tablets are also famous to relieve distress of female functional monthly disturbances. This is because of their soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Taken regularly they help build up resistance against such symptoms. Follow label directions. *Worth trying!*

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THE GYP OF THE WEEK By FRANK W. BROCK

The "Pete"

USING war needs as the basis of their appeals, stock gyps are now offering quick profits in Canadian oil and mining stocks to American investors.

There are many holders of Canadian securities—good and bad—in the United States. The good stocks have been registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission, as the law requires; the worthless ones may be used in the "pete" game.

Suppose you own 5,000 shares of Skunk Oil and Development stock which you bought in 1932 at the original offering price of fifty cents a share; par value, one dollar. Years ago you kissed that $2,500 good-by.

Then, without warning, a well dressed individual appears at your office, places a certified check (beautifully forged) for $2,500 on your desk, and explains that all he wants for it is your Skunk Oil and Development stock. He represents a syndicate, he says, which is buying control of the property.

In due course he casually inquires how it is that you have exactly 5,000 shares of Skunk Oil. Hadn't you taken advantage of the rights offered stockholders a couple of years ago to purchase two additional shares of stock for each share they owned? The price? Twenty-five cents a share.

There's a chance for a quick profit, he tells you, so he picks up his phony check, gives you the address of the treasurer of the Skunk Oil and Development Company, and departs, after making an appointment for a week later when, he says, he will return with a certified check for $7,500 for your 15,000 shares of Skunk Oil.

He *may* come back—that is, if you *haven't* bought the additional stock—and taunt you with the $7,500 check. He may give you another build-up and make another appointment, but just as soon as you *do* buy the stock, Mr. Gyp passes out of your life forever.

JUNGLE OBJECTIVE

Continued from Page 13

they gone on ahead to join the main body, but they had taken their packs with them. My men seemed all right, except for their lips, which were badly cracked and already had sores forming on them.

With quite an effort, I managed to speak to Private Charlie Bruce, a redheaded sentimental West Virginian. I asked him if the much displayed pictures of his sweetheart Mary were intact. He hurt himself grinning, and patted his blouse pocket where he kept them.

I whispered to Burg, our poetry-loving, heavy-thinking buddy from Kalamazoo, that Robert Louis Stevenson would no doubt have written quite a story about the experience we were having. He nodded.

I told one kid that we would all have to have a good crap game when the expedition was over.

"I don't think I'm going to live through this to play any more dice," the kid said.

"Sure you are," I assured him, lying like hell, for I had a hunch that we were going to be in for it shortly.

We got a break in a little while. We hit a small stream that we hadn't figured on. I wish you could have seen the boys fall flat on their bellies and suck up that water. We knew the stream was flowing too rapidly for the Japs to have poisoned it.

I was waiting until my men had slaked their thirsts before I drank. While waiting, I noticed something in the water—two dead Japs. I didn't say anything; but when young Holder made a place for me at the edge of the stream, he remarked, "Fine water, even though it's flavored with those two dead Japs." He nodded toward the spot that I didn't think he had seen, and grinned. All the boys had seen the corpses, but that hadn't made any difference. I drank my share, too.

WE were now deep in Jap territory and half an hour ahead of schedule, and there would be more water. Our squad would be the last to get at the water; for the orders not to bunch still stood.

Through our human communications system we in the rear were getting reports of progress up front. The forward point, the support for the point, and the reserve boys all had had their drinks and had moved across the Matanikau River, which was only a few feet wide at that point. Now the main body of our men was moving toward the water. We were standing around speculating on how long it would be before we got there when I heard that whistling sound. It seemed quite far off, but there was more of it than usual. Something told me I was hearing Japs, not birds.

The next thing I heard was the sound of rifles, perhaps half a mile away in the direction of the river. Then there were more rifle shots and shouts, and then machine-gun fire.

"It's happened," said young Holder thickly.

THE rifle shots grew more frequent and the machine-gun fire louder and heavier. I strained my eyes at McGuire, who was acting as my forward scout. He in turn was straining his eyes at the rear scout from the main body. I heard that rear scout shouting something to him, but I couldn't make it out. Then McGuire started running back toward me, yelling as he came. "The main body's in an ambush!" he said. "The Japs opened up on them at the river. We're to move up and get into the right flank."

We double-timed it toward the river, fixing our bayonets as we went. McGuire, right ahead of me, was hugging his precious Springfield. Pat Paterson, my rifle grenadier, was set for action, and so was his assistant—a fellow named Jones—who was carrying an extra supply of rifle grenades in bandoleers slung over his shoulder. While we were lighting out for the river, my assistant squad leader, a quiet Marylander named Marion, found time to take out a picture of his wife and two-year-old baby and sneak a quick and possibly last look. McGuire got another relayed flash from up front. Several of our boys had been cut down in their tracks by snipers.

Everything was strangely quiet as the nine of us stood at the point where our trail looked out on the river. Every man on the expedition had known what to do in the event of a surprise attack. Two flanks had been instantly formed along the eastern bank of the river, one stretching to the left of where we now stood, the other to the right. The marines, except those who had crossed the river before the surprise attack opened up, had faded into the jungles along the bank.

Judging from the way several bodies lay near by, I concluded that the Japs were all on the far or western side of the river. On the other side, a little to my left, some machine-gun fire opened up, and I heard some of our men yell out that they had been hit. Then, almost like a colored motion-picture film being projected, the Japs seemed to open up all at once from the treetops with tracer bullets. Had the element of

danger been removed, the scene would have been beautiful, with orange tracer bullets crisscrossing against the deep jungle green.

But those tracer bullets were hitting home. Men I couldn't see began to scream in agony. There was not nearly so much firing from our side of the bank. There was no sense in firing and betraying a position unless we could see our targets. And that's just where the rub came in. Those Japs in the trees might as well have been invisible. They wore coverings made of bark and had tied themselves to crotches high up in the trees. Their yellow faces were covered with a heavy green netting. We knew about the camouflage, but that didn't help us any. You could be looking right at one of those yellow devils and not see him.

Certainly we weren't going to stand there any length of time. A Jap doesn't care much for a moving target, but loves a still one. We decided to split up, some going to the right and some to the left. Just as we did, a machine gun opened up. While I was diving for cover I took a quick glance backward. The spot where all of us had been was bright with orange tracer bullets.

More silence fell, and all we heard were the sounds of the birds frightened by the firing. I had told my men not to let go with any hand or rifle grenades or automatic weapons unless they had to. The minute we did that, the Japs would be sure to concentrate on us. That's their technique. They take guys with rifles in their stride; but grenades and automatic stuff worry them and they fall all over themselves trying to wipe out the bigger stuff.

THERE were three big rubber trees fairly close together. I got behind one, young Holder behind another, and McGuire behind the third. The firing had broken out again. Holder, McGuire, and I were taking peeks around our trees to see if we could get a bead on a Jap sniper. I didn't have any success, but a Jap across the river saw me and bounced one of his bullets off my green helmet. McGuire hissed at me, and motioned me to crawl over to where he was. I did. "I saw that ——— who popped one off your helmet," he said. "I want to point him out to you."

We crawled into the brush, and McGuire separated it enough for us both to get a view of a high tree on the western bank of the river.

"See," said McGuire. "He's right up there."

I looked where he pointed, but could see nothing except the tree.

He grinned. "Corporal," he said, "you must be blind. He's sitting up there as nice as can be. His body's tied to the trunk and his legs are tied to one of the big branches."

I looked again. I could see the branch, but damned if I could see the Jap. McGuire reflected again on my eyesight, then settled down and drew a bead on what he saw. He let go, and in the next instant I saw the Jap tumble forward from his waist up and hang there from the trunk of the tree. His rifle dropped and splashed in the water.

Then I heard a rifle shot not far to my right. It was young Holder. A Jap dropped into the river not twenty feet away. "Good work!" I called.

McGUIRE fired again. Another Nip dangled from a rubber tree. I hadn't had time to reprimand myself for my poor showing when I heard Holder firing again, twice. I looked up and saw that he had picked off two more Nips. One who had been tied to a tree trunk just dangled up there, while the second one dropped to the river bank.

Somewhat ashamed, I crawled back to my tree and began to look around. I still hadn't spotted anything when McGuire let go again. A Jap, screaming all the way, fell through the branches of a rubber tree. "Hey," McGuire said to me, "we ain't eaten yet, corporal. When the hell's chow, anyway? Do I have to sit here all night pickin' these monkeys off without eatin'?"

Maybe it was just a question of my eyes getting accustomed to the Japs in the trees, or maybe the danger sharpened my eyesight. Whatever it was, I soon began to see the yellow blackguards. Within five minutes I picked off three of them.

Colonel Puller and the men trapped on the other side of the river somehow got back fairly intact, considering all the circumstances. How they made it, I will never know. Word came through by a runner that more than a score of marines had been killed and about forty had been wounded, many seriously. The colonel ordered us to withdraw to a hill about half a mile back. That hill afforded a pretty good view, so at least we could dig in for the night.

It was almost pitch-black as we started back along the trail. McGuire, Holder, and I decided to have some water. I volunteered to sneak out to the river and bring water back in my helmet. I figured none of the Japs could see me. It turned out that I had made something of an error. I had no sooner filled my helmet than I saw tracer bullets coming. One of them knocked the helmet out

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

FROM THE ABOVE photograph he furnished of himself, we suspect that Samuel W. Taylor belongs to the same school of wag-whimsey modesty that J. M. Barrie once typified when he sent his pipe to be interviewed instead of going himself. And Taylor's story in this issue, It Was This Way, has the same sly humor. Sam also says, "I can't write crazy stories unless I'm worried. There's nothing half so good for a hilarious yarn as a secret conviction that the doctor is nuts and your days are really numbered. If that's out, then I have to worry about my house or my land or something. My adobe-redwood house has been a source of inspiration, but it's finished now. However, I'm hoping for the worst."

BUT WE'RE HOPING for the best from our Pro and Con feature which we've recently given our readers. Here a trustworthy and fair-minded reporter is chosen to assemble salient facts on a controversial topic, and either he, or an expert in the field—Dr. Ira S. Wile this week on Should Sex Hygiene Be Taught in Our High Schools?—renders what he considers a reasonable decision. You may not agree, but you can form your verdict independently. Like the idea? Dr. Wile, by the way, was a former Commissioner of Education in New York City.

CORP. FRANK CAMERON, who relates Jungle Objective—another scoop for Liberty—is now home for treatment of injuries received on Guadalcanal. He's religious, but says he never knew how to pray until Jap sniper bullets were bouncing off his tin hat. *THE EDITORS*

of my hands. I beat it quick. But I was so sore and so thirsty that I went back. I got the helmet, filled it, and was returning to the safety of the far side of a rubber tree when the Nips opened up again. I jumped and spilled the water. Maybe my pride was hurt, but I decided I was going to get that water if I died doing it. I made it the next time.

As McGuire, Holder, and I made our way back with a wounded man, I wondered how the rest of my squad had made out. I found, to my great satisfaction, that they had made out O. K. I learned that when noses were counted on the hill half a mile back from the river. But as the night wore on we learned that reconnaissance planes had discovered the Jap concentrations in our vicinity were much stronger than they had been thought. A large Jap force had landed on Guadalcanal under cover of the preceding night.

That called for a change of tactics. As our company captain, J. T. Cross, explained, "Boys, today was just the beginning. I hope you enjoyed it, for you're going to see some *real* action within a very short time now."

Toward midnight McGuire and I split a can of beans. Then we dug fox holes with our portable shovels. But we didn't sleep. The cries of the wounded made sleep impossible. During the night some of them died.

WE had left the dead down by the river. At dawn some of us went back to get water. I ran across a couple of pals of mine there. I buried them, then took off my helmet and said a prayer. I marked their graves with bamboo sticks to which I attached their dog tags.

I was just finished with that when big McGuire located me. He had tears in his eyes and he couldn't speak right away. When he got sufficient control of his emotions, he said he had come across the body of another chum of ours—whose body both of us had seen before returning the previous afternoon. At that time our friend had had just one bullet between his eyes. "An' now," said McGuire, "what do you suppose has happened to him?"

I said I didn't know.

McGuire said the body had been stripped and hacked to pieces. It was at that moment that I realized for the first time the real character of the enemy we were fighting. I realized, too, that that enemy had crossed the river during the night.

Which meant anything could happen.

What did happen—and it certainly was plenty!—Corporal Cameron will tell in Liberty next week.

POWER WITHOUT REGULATION IS UN-AMERICAN

THE basic purpose of labor unions is to equalize to some extent the bargaining power of the individual employee and his employer. When a lone workman thinks he ought to have a raise, shorter working hours, or better conditions, whether he gets them or not depends on the generosity of his boss. However, when all his co-workers feel the same way and present their request as a body, the boss has to talk turkey.

There was a time when labor unions were small weak organizations which needed every break possible under the law. More often than not they found the law on the side of the employers.

Then came the New Deal and the Wagner Act, often called Labor's Magna Charta, which gave unions the protection and support of the law and virtually insured that every employer of a sizable labor force would have to recognize and negotiate with a union.

The Wagner Act gave organized labor tremendous privileges and advantages and made the labor movement a potent political and economic force. Unfortunately, it did not at the same time impose upon labor the responsibilities and restraints which are imperative if abuse of power is to be prevented.

As a consequence, we have labor organizations large and small which are little dictatorships under the thumb of individual führers.

Now, dictatorships are no better in labor unions than they are in nations. We are reaping the harvest of our failure to require labor organizations to subscribe to democratic principles in return for the privileges they obtain under the Wagner Act.

There is no stipulation in law to insure the democratic functioning of unions. As a consequence, we find men heading unions in crafts they know little or nothing about and in which they have never worked. They strong-armed their way in and hold themselves in office by processes distinctly Nazi. Many unions are, apparently, the personal possessions of their leaders, and the only way these leaders ever get thrown out is when they overstep the boundary of criminal law.

They raid each other's territories and call strikes against each other. They continually are occupied with increasing their own power by any method and without regard to whom it might hurt. They give little thought to the economic health of the industries in which they operate and often disregard even the interests of their own rank and file.

Is it any wonder employers develop a sense of frustration and helplessness in dealing with labor leaders of this sort? There is evidence the rank and file are getting sick of them, too. We now see strikes not against employers but against the men who run unions.

In many unions the workmen pay their dues but never know where the money goes. No accounting is given, and if a member dares ask, he is thrown out and sometimes whacked over the head to boot.

If we get wise to ourselves and hold labor leaders accountable by law for the exercise of the power they hold and, by law, insure the democratic functioning of labor bodies, we will see an end to jurisdictional and wildcat strikes and the mulcting of workers and bosses alike by unprincipled crooks. We will enter upon an era of true labor statesmanship to match the brave new world we hope to set up after the war.

Paul Hunter

Liberty ... FOR ALL

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

ONE night, in their modest home in Syracuse, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hocking received a telegram from the War Department. Their only son, Hardy, had been killed in the war.

A few days after that, Art Hocking sat down and wrote a letter to his fellow workers at the huge plant of the Carrier Corporation. It reached them through the company's employee publication.

"Since Hardy's death," Hocking wrote, "I've been doing a lot of thinking. What I'm trying to figure out is why so many of us are taking things for granted and not doing all

Arthur Hocking of Syracuse. His slogan—"Let's Get It Over Quick!"

we can to help win the war. Maybe it's because we keep hearing and talking about the war lasting for years. *That* sort of thinking might keep any one from hurrying. It could be that this long-pull stuff was why we lost almost half a million minutes of production time last month through absences and tardiness.

"Anyway, I'm fed up with all this talk about a five- or ten-year war. There's no sense to it. We can win this war quick. We've got to. If we don't, your boys will be killed, like mine was.

"Sure, this means sacrifices. It's no fun to work the night shift. It's not easy to put 10 per cent of your pay in war bonds. None of us go for gas and fuel and food rationing. But these are nothing compared to losing some one you love. I know.

Mrs. E. R. Siering visits her soldier son at Fort Logan, Colorado—her reward for raising more than a half million dollars in War Bond pledges.

"Please, please don't wait for the casualty lists to come rolling in. Throw yourselves into high *now*. Get going as though both the Huns and the Japs had to be licked in 1943. Maybe they will be—if we really try.

"I suggest a new slogan for Carrier. Here it is: Let's Get It Over Quick!"

Then, as a final word, he wrote: "I hope you won't think I'm preaching. I'm not. I'm praying."

The company's management asked Hocking's consent to reprint his letter in newspaper space which they paid for. A national wire service flashed the text to thousands of newspapers. Hundreds of war-production companies asked for copies to post on plant bulletin boards. Radio commentators read it over the air.

There is no way to tell just how many workers turned to and beat their own records because an ordinary American, sick at heart from a great loss, did some down-to-earth thinking. But an official of the OWI says Art Hocking has made "a magnificent contribution to the war effort."

MRS. EUGENE R. SIERING, on the other hand, knew within a short time how much in dollars and cents her spoken thoughts added to her country's defense strength.

She is a New York City housewife, young at sixty-five, with a son in the service. One night last December she took part in Ralph Edwards' Truth or Consequences program on the radio. When she missed her question, her "consequence" was to make an extemporaneous appeal through the microphone, then and there, for War Bond pledges. Her goal, $10,000.

If her head whirled as she came forward to try for it, Mrs. Siering's heart steadily told her what to say:

"My boy is thirty-eight years old. He's been married fifteen years, and he's not coming back until every last Jap and every German is exterminated. And it takes ammunition. You can't just kill Japs by saying 'Bing-bing!' You've got to have guns . . . planes . . . ships. And if we don't supply the money, the boys will be out there handicapped, and the war won't be over for a very long time. Now, my boy, as big as he is, every Christmas Eve had his stocking hung up, with a tangerine in the toe. And I want him back next Christmas to get that tangerine! And his wife wants him back. And I depend on all you people to help to get your boys and my boy and your brothers, sons, and husbands back for another Very Merry Christmas after this year is over."

When the local stations of the network finished reporting the amount of the pledges which were immediately telephoned in to them, they did a long problem in addition and told Mrs. Siering the answer: $540,345.

As a reward, the program's director, Ralph Edwards, presented Mrs. Siering with a trip to her son's camp at Fort Logan, Colorado.

THE END

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